

IN THIS ISSUE—THE SHIELD AND THE SUPER-NAZI RAT—
THE SON OF THE HUN, IN FIGHTING, DRAMATIC ACTION STORIES!

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THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD AND DUSTY!

the
BOY FIGHTERS

CHAPTER 1

YOU HAVE
KILLED MY BODY
SHIELD, BUT YOU
CANNOT KILL MY
SPIRIT! IT WILL
LIVE ON TO HATE
YOU AND CURSE
YOU FOREVER!

THE CURSE
OF THE
HUN!



LOOK
SHIELD!
TH--THE
HUN!

CAN IT BE
TRUE? CAN THE
DEAD LIVE TO
REVENGE? WE
ALL KNOW
THE HUN IS
DEAD, AND THAT
THE SHIELD
AND DUSTY
WERE RESPON-
SIBLE FOR
SCOURGING
THE EARTH OF
THIS NAZI BEAST
---AND YET? --
WELL, READ ON,
THE STRANGEST
STORY OF THEM
ALL!
"THE CURSE
OF THE
HUN!"

THE DAY FOLLOWING THE DEATH OF THE HUN, WE FIND JOE HIGGINS AND HIS YOUTHFUL PAL DUSTY IN JOE'S TROPHY ROOM---

SOME BOOK OF CRIME THE HUN LEFT BEHIND HIM, DUSTY!

HERE ARE THE LAST LINES HE EVER WROTE - I'VE NEVER SEEN SUCH WORDS OF HATE ON PAPER BEFORE!

THAT BOOK GIVES ME THE CREEPS, JOE! I WISH YOU DIDN'T HAVE IT!



GREAT GUNS!
SHIELD! LOOK
TH-THE HUN'S
SHIELD!



IT'S OUR
IMAGINATIONS,
DUSTY ---
PLAYING
TRICKS ON
US!

PLAYING TRICKS--
HUUH? WHA ---
SOMETHING WET
ON MY NECK!

IT'S BLOOD!

YOU'RE RIGHT!
THE HUN'S
METAL SHIELD!
IT DRIPPED BLOOD!

TAKE IT DOWN,
JOE -- GET RID
OF IT PLEASE!
IT MEANS

THERE'S SOMETHING
EVIL ABOUT THIS
SHIELD, DUSTY! I'M
CHUCKING IT INTO
THE FIRE!

SUDDENLY ---

DUCK, DUSTY!
DUCK!

HELP ME -
HELP ME
SHIELD!

I QUIET
YOU --
QUICK!

I HATE BEING IN
THE DARK ABOUT
ANYTHING ----



SO LET'S
HAVE
SOME
LIGHT
ON THE
SUBJECT!

CLICK

HERE'S WHERE I PUT YOUR
LIGHTS OUT!

CRACK

YOU'RE NOT
GOING TO TAKE
THIS LYING
DOWN, ARE
YOU?

SH--SHIELD
THE OTHER
ONE'S
CHOKING ME!

I'M COMING,
DUSTY!

GOOT TING
I LET GO--
CURSE
DAT
BRAT!

OOOF

YOU'RE OKAY
NOW, DUSTY!
LET'S SET
THEM UP IN
THE NEXT
ALLEY!

WATCH THIS
DELIVERY!

READY--
AIM ----



STRIKE!

SPLAT

THEY'RE LEAVING
DOWN THE
HALL!

AFTER
THEM,
DUSTY!

SPEED IT UP, KID --
YOU'RE GETTING
IN MY WAY!

I HAF IT---
HURRY!

THERE THEY GO SHIELD!
THEY'RE HEADING TO-
WARD THE BEACH!

THEY'RE HEADING
FOR THE BEACH!
I KNOW HOW TO
CUT THEM OFF!

GOOT!
VE HAF
LOST DEM!

I CAN
SEE THEM
BELOW US,
SHIELD!

WITH A GRINDING FURY THE SHIELD OVERTAKES THE FLEEING MARAUDERS!



AND STOP THIS WHILE YOU'RE AT IT!



COME ON BUD, YOU HEARD ME SAY THIS IS THE END OF THE LINE!



ALL OUT BOYS! THIS IS LAST STOP!



DEY CUT US OFF! STOP RIGHT HERE YOU FOOL!



HERE'S THE GREAT AMERICAN PASTIME ---



KEEP 'EM FLYING!

POW



KAMARAD!

WE GOT THEM NOW!

HERE'S THE TWO
OF THEM,
SHIELD!

ONLY
TWO!

WHERE'S THE
MAN WITH
THE CROOKED
SCAR?

HE MUST
HAVE GOT
AWAY!

GOOT! DO YOU
HEAR DOT, HANS?
WILHELM ESCAPED!

JA! OUR PLAN
SUCCEDED! NOW
HE HAS DER HUN'S
IRON
SHIELD!
VERY
GOOT!

VE VERE
ORDERED TO
TO DO SO
BY OUR
FUEHRER!

A SHORT WHILE
LATER AT F.B.I.
HEADQUARTERS!

UND SOON, WILHELM
VILL BE BACK IN
CHERMANY - OUR
MISSION COMPLETED!

---AND YOU'LL BE
BEHIND BARS--
COME ON
YOU TWO!

...AND THEY CAME ALL
THE WAY FROM GER-
MANY TO GET THE
HUN'S SHIELD! BUT
WHY? WHY?

WELL, WHAT
ABOUT IT,
RATZI?

I'VE TOLD YOU ALL
I KNOW! VE VERE
ORDERED TO BRING
BACK DER
HUN'S
SHIELD UND
VE DID!

HMM... ORDERS
FROM SHICKEL-
GRUBER HIM-
SELF! WHY IN
THE WORLD
DOES HE WANT
THE HUN'S SHIELD,
THE HUN IS DEAD-
OR IS HE?

ROADS OF DESTINY

THE ORIGINAL

SHIELD AND DUSTY

the BOY DETECTIVE

DUMBKOPFS! SHTUNKS!

CAN'T I GET YOU TO DO ANYTHING BY YOURSELVES! MUST I ALWAYS RELY ON MY INTUITION!

HE'S SOMEWHERE IN GERMANY, I TELL YOU! YOU MUST FIND HIM!

BUT.. BUT.. VE HAFF SEARCHED EFFERYWHERE, MEIN FUEHRER!

HEIL HITLER!

VOT ISS IT? VOT DO YOU MEAN BY BREAKING IN HERE?... WHO ISS DOT RAG-PICKER MIT YOU?

OUR SEARCH ISS AT AN END MEIN, FUEHRER! LISTEN... BZZ... BZZ... BZZ...

YES... NO, UH-HUH... YES... NO... NO.. Y... VOT! YOU HAFF?



HERAUS!!
I VANT TO TALK
MIT DIS NOBLE
MAN... ALONE!

... UND YOU
ARE SURE, DOT
HE ISS RIGHT
HERE.. IN MY
OWN GESTAPO?

POSSITIFF,
MEIN FUEHRER!
I HAFF
BROUGHT
HIM UP
FROM INFANCY!
I VOULD
KNOW HIM
ANYWHERE!

NOW OUR SCENE CHANGES
TO ANOTHER PART OF
THE CITY.. TWO GESTAPO
MEN MAKE THEIR WAY
INTO A FACTORY...

JA, MEIN
FUEHRER!

JA..

HEIL HITLER!
ISS DER A
FRITZ KAUSS
HERE??

JA! LAST
MAN ON
THE ASSEMBLY
LINE!!

VE HAFF YOU NOW..
SABOTEUR! VE KNOW
YOU ARE A MEMBER
OF DER UNDERGROUND!

VE VANT
NAMES! NAMES
OF DER OTHERS!
SPEAK!

DERE HE
ISS!! GRAB
HIM!

VOT!

NEFFER
!!

FOOL.. VE VON'T
VASTE TIME MIT
WORDZ! I'LL LOOSEN
YOUR JAW, OR BREAK
IT!!

CRACK!

HAND ME
DER WHIP,
KURT! I'LL
MAKE HIM
TALK!

BAH!
GRUMMEL IS A
FOOL TOO!
TINKS HE CAN
GET ANYWHERE
MIT SUCH
WEAKLING
METHODS!!





..LATER THAT NIGHT...



YOU VISH TO
SEE ME, MEIN
FUERER?

JA! HERR GRUMMEL
HAS MADE CHARGES
OF INSUBORDINATION
AGAINST YOU! VOT
HAFF YOU TO SAY
FOR YOURSELF?

MEIN FUEHRER,
I VOULD NOT
DREAM OF
DISOBEYING
ORDERS! HERR
GRUMMEL
ORDERED ME
TO DO VOT I
DID! BECAUSE
HE WAS TOO
VEAK TO DO
IT HIMSELF!
I AM A **VICTIM**
OF HIS **AGGRESSION**!
DOT ISS DER
TRUTH, ON MY
HONOR AS A
PURE ARYAN!

Y-Y, YOU
FILTHY
LIAR! I...

HERR GRUMMEL!
IF YOU VERE
NOT MY SUPERIOR,
I YOULD FLOG
YOU, FOR CURS-
ING IN DER
PRESENCE OF
DER FUEHRER
HIMSELF!

HERR WIEDLER
ISS RIGHT! YOU
MAY LEAVE NOW,
GRUMMEL! I VISH
TO TALK MIT,
WIEDLER
ALONE!

GUARD! WE ARE
NOT TO BE
DISTURBED BY
ANYVUN!

BUT...
BUT...

CONGRATULATE
ME, HERR
GRUMMEL,
DER FUEHRER
HASS JUST
MADE ME A
CAPTAIN!

CAPTAIN?
DENN YOU ARE
NOW MY
SUPERIOR,
WIEDLER!

HA, HA, DOT
ISS SO! BUT
TO SHOW I
BEAR YOU
NO GRUDGE,
I VILL HAFF
A DRINK MIT
YOU!!

BUT IN THE BEER HALL,
WHEN GRUMMEL'S BACK
IS TURNED...

STUPID, TRUSTING
FOOL! I TOLD YOU,
I VOULD PAY
YOU BACK!

GAAAAN



NOW I HAD
BETTER HURRY
BACK TO DER
FUEHRER, UND
REPORT DIS
UNFORTUNATE
ACCIDENT!

YES, WIEDLER!
VOT ISS IT
NOW ??

ABOUT HERR GRUMMEL,
MEIN FUEHRER! SOMETHING
TERRIBLE JUST
HAPPENED!



VE VERE BOTH
ATTACKED BY SPIES WHILE
CELEBRATING MY PROMOTION!
I PUT DEM TO FLIGHT...
BUT NOT BEFORE POOR
GRUMMEL WAS STABBED!

YOU LIE, WIEDLER!
I HAD YOU
FOLLOWED, UND
I KNOW YOU
KILLED HIM!
SEIZE HIM,
MEN!



TRICKED ME,
EH ? YOU
VON'T TAKE
ME VIDOUT
A FIGHT!



NO, MEIN FUEHRER,
I AM NOT VUN OF
YOUR VREAKLINGS
WHO VILL SUBMIT
TAMELY TO
ARREST!

I AM A LION,
NOT A LAMB!

BONG

NOW MEIN
FUEHRER, I
COULD EASILY
KILL YOU, TOO!
UND I WILL,
UNLESS...

DERE ISS NO
NEED FOR
DOT, HERR
HUN!

HERR HUN!
VHY DID YOU
CALL ME
DOT ??

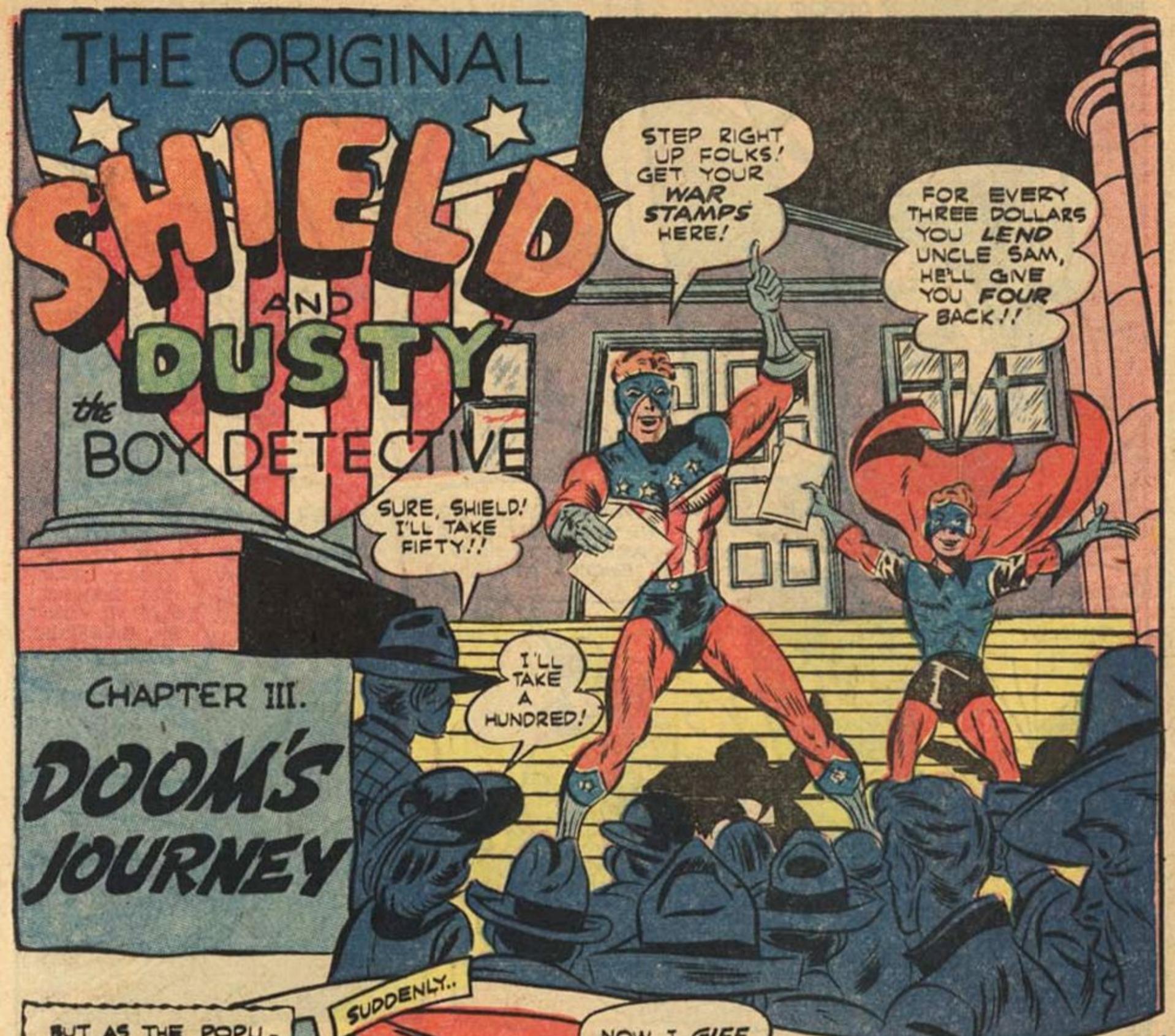
BECAUSE YOU ARE
DER SON OF DER
HUN! YOU WERE
IDENTIFIED BY
DER PEASANT,
DER HUN LEFT
YOU MIT, TO
BRING YOU
UP AS HIS
OWN CHILD!

I HAFF HAD YOUR
FATHER'S SHIELD!
I BROUGHT IT
BACK, HOPING
TO FIND SOME
VUN WORTHY
OF CARRYING
IT! UND I
HAFF, HIS
OWN SON!

I VAS TESTING
YOU, CHUST NOW,
UND YOU HAFF
PASSED LIKE A
TRUE ARYAN! YOU
ARE TREACHEROUS,
A LIAR, A KILLER,
UND STRONG AS
TEN MEN! GO
FORTH AS DER
HUN, UND AVENGE
YOUR FATHER!

YES, I VILL
AVENGE MY
FATHER! I
VARN YOU
SHIELD, IT ISS
EITHER
YOUR
LIFE, OR
MINE!





GOOD LORD!
THESE PEOPLE
ARE BEING
SLAUGHTERED!

THOSE COPS LEFT
TWO MOTORCYCLES!
LET'S BORROW
THEM!

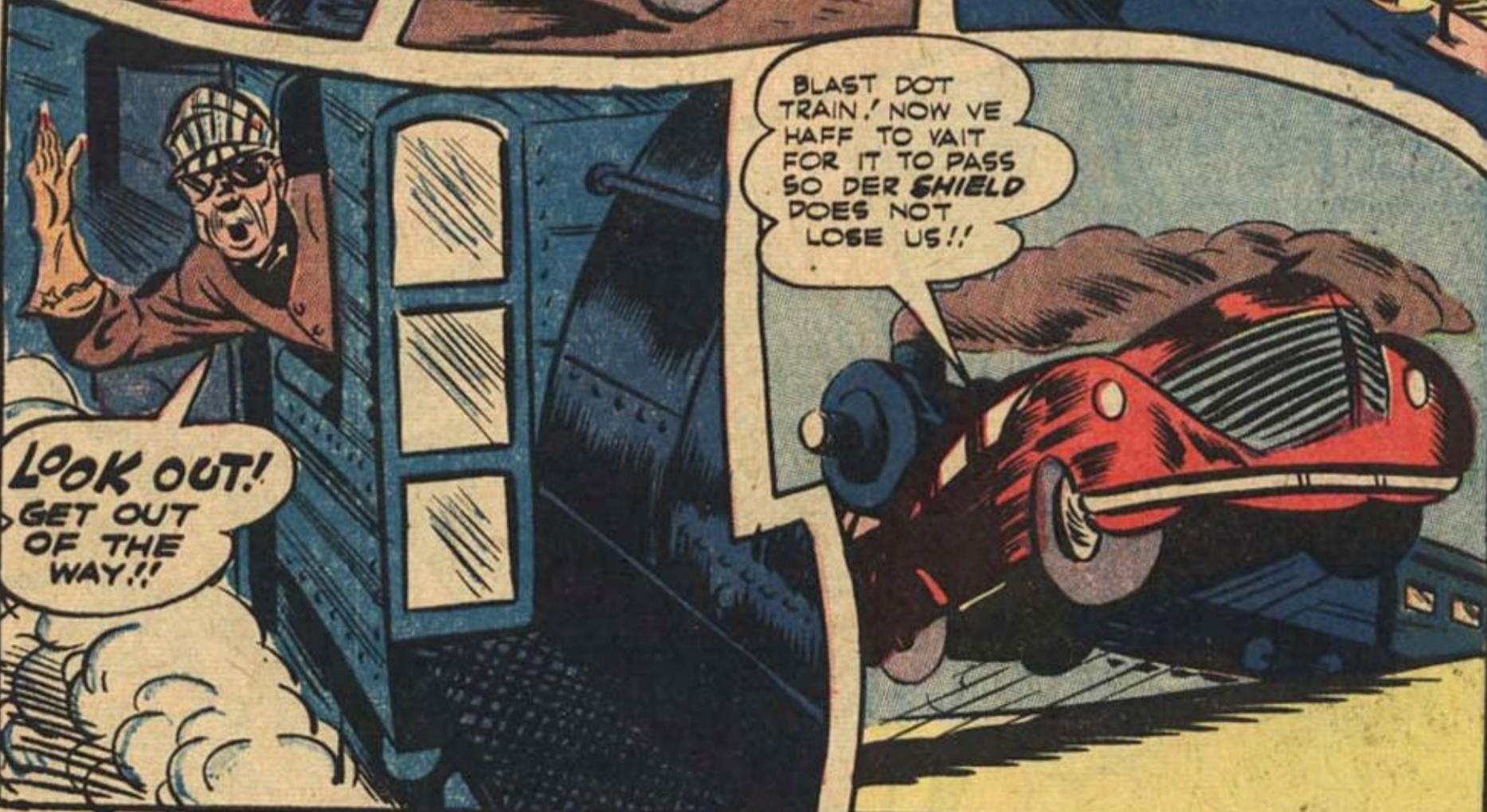
COME ON,
DUSTY, WE
CAN EXPLAIN
LATER!

WE'RE GAINING
ON THEM,
SHIELD!

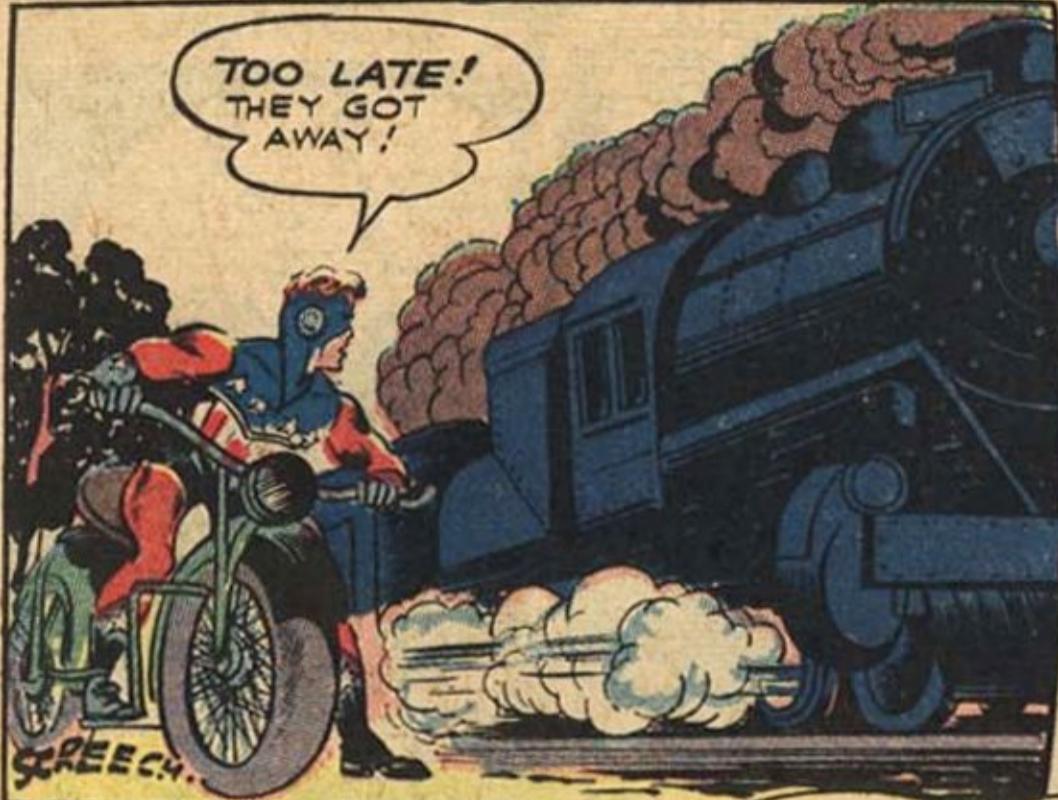
HMM... WONDER
WHY THOSE GUYS
AREN'T TAKING
SHOTS AT US!

DER SHIELD
IS STILL
FOLLOWING
US, HANS!

GOOT!
WE COULD
EASILY LEAF
HIM BEHIND,
BUT WE WON'T,
EH, SIEGFRIED.
HAH, HAH!



TOO LATE!
THEY GOT
AWAY!



BUT AS SOON AS THE
TRAIN HAS PASSED...

THERE'S SOME-
THING SCREWY
ABOUT THIS
SET-UP! THOSE
GUYS WANT
US TO CHASE
THEM!

LOOK, SHIELD!
THE CAR IS
STILL THERE!



BUT AS THE TRAIN PULLS BY...

GOOD BYE, HERR
SHIELD.. I OUTSMARTED
YOU DIS TIME!

THAT GUY DELIBERATELY
JUMPED ON THE TRAIN TO
SPLIT US UP, DUSTY! ALL RIGHT!
WE'RE GOING TO PLAY THIS
GAME THEIR WAY... AND SEE
WHERE IT
LEADS TO!

OKAY, PAL!
I'LL TAKE THE
KRAUT ON THE
TRAIN!!



THIS THING
WORRIES ME!
WHAT HAVE
THOSE RATS
GOT UP THEIR
SLEEVES,
ANYWAY!!

OKAY, HEINIE! YOU
WANTED ME!..
SO, YOU'RE
GONNA GET
ME!...



IN A
BIG WAY!



SHOOT DOWN
INNOCENT PEOPLE,
WILL YOU, YOU
MURDEROUS
RAT!



..JUST THEN..



WHEN THE TRAIN EMERGES
FROM THE TUNNEL...



GONE!
DID HE HOP
OFF OR
DUCK INTO
THE CARS!



..AND BACK IN THE TUNNEL

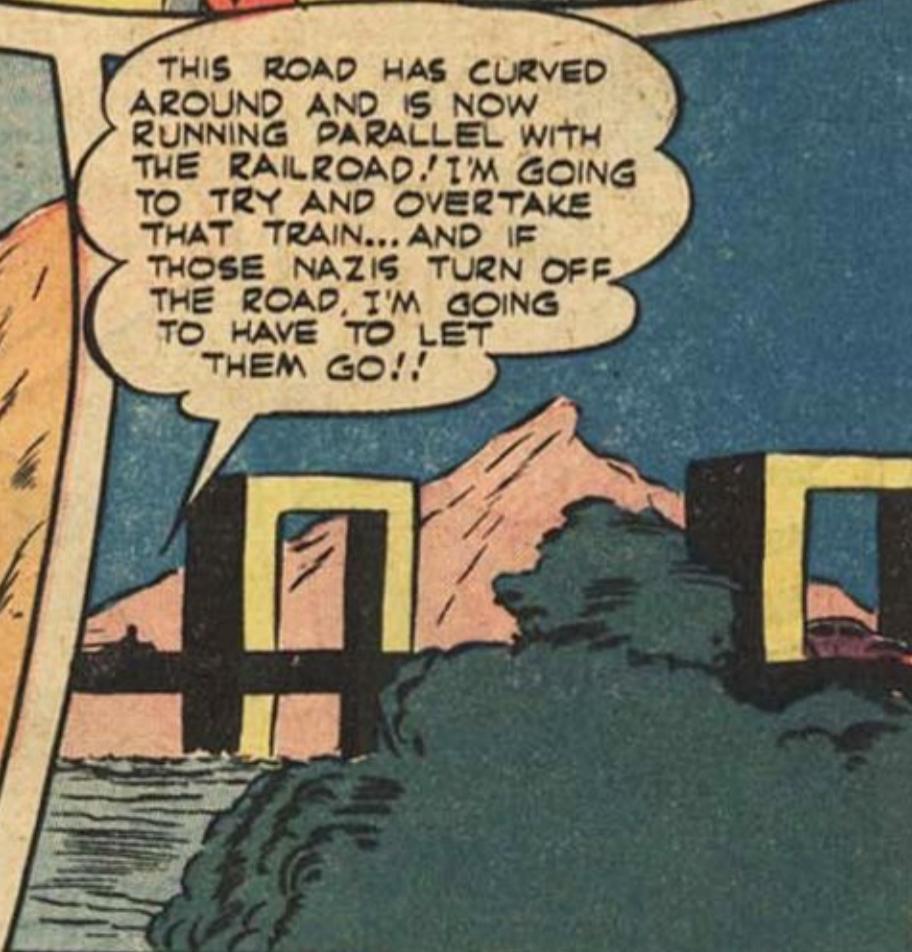
HA! I GAVE DOT YOUNG
FIEND DER SLIP! NOW
TO GET BACK TO
HEADQUARTERS!

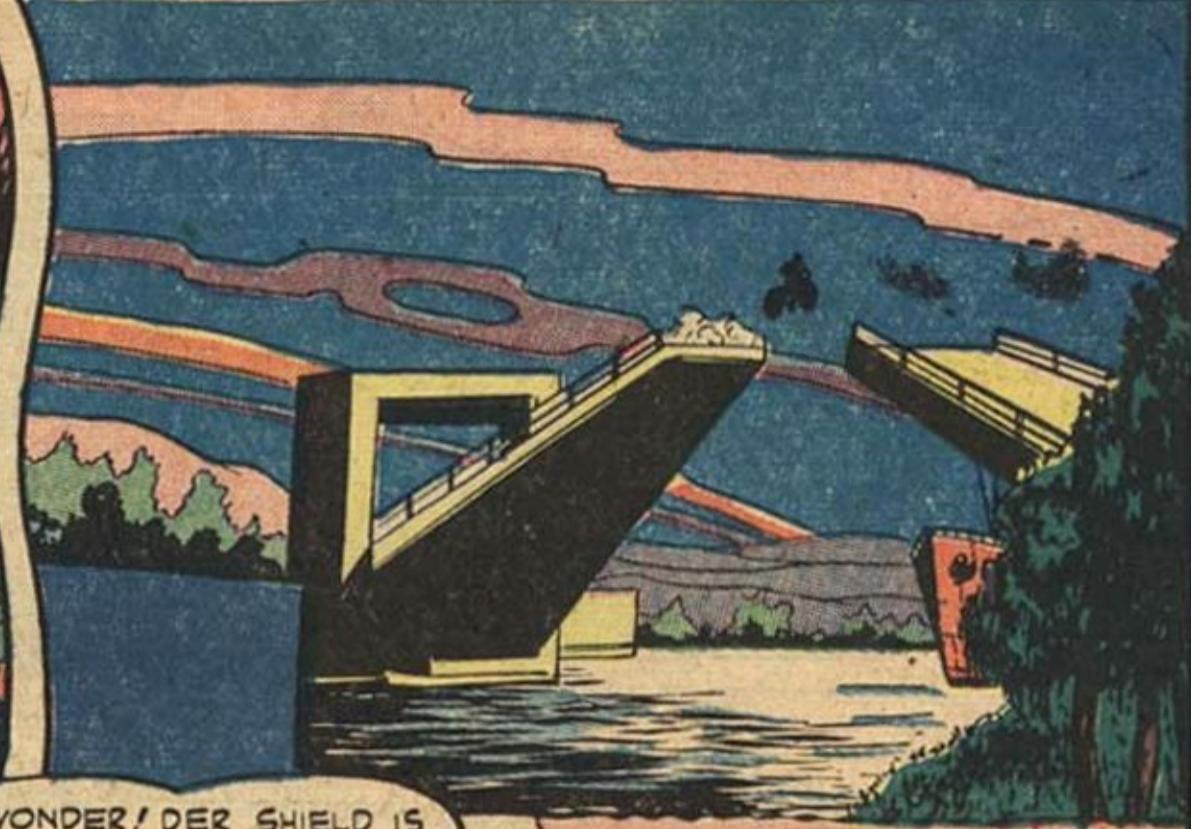


MEANWHILE... WHAT LUCK
HAS THE SHIELD BEEN
HAVING ??

SAY.. THEY SEEM TO
BE HITTING IT UP AGAIN!
ARE THEY TRYING TO
LOSE ME NOW? WAS
IT DUSTY ALONE THEY
WANTED ??

THIS ROAD HAS CURVED
AROUND AND IS NOW
RUNNING PARALLEL WITH
THE RAILROAD! I'M GOING
TO TRY AND OVERTAKE
THAT TRAIN... AND IF
THOSE NAZIS TURN OFF
THE ROAD, I'M GOING
TO HAVE TO LET
THEM GO!!





FOR THE MOMENT, THE SHIELD IS MORE INTERESTED IN OVERTAKING THE TRAIN.. AND SOON DOES! THEN, SIGHTING HIS BUDDY, DUSTY LEAPS DARINGLY FROM THE TRAIN...



THEY'RE SPEEDING IT UP
AGAIN, DUSTY! I'VE A HUNCH
THAT THINGS ARE GOING TO
START POPPING SOON!

SHIELD THE
ROAD IS SWING-
ING DOWNWARD!

MY HUNCH
CAME TRUE
SOONER THAN
I EXPECTED!
WE'RE COMING
TO THE LAST
STOP, BOY!



WELL, WELL! QUITE
A RECEPTION
COMMITTEE!

YOU WILL COME
QUIETLY WITH
US, SHIELD!

I'LL COME,
ALL RIGHT--



HERE'S A
SAMPLE OF
WHAT I'M
SAVING FOR
YOUR BOSS!

.. AND HERE'S
THE WHOLE
WINDOW DISPLAY!

I DON'T
THINK THEY'RE
IN ANY CONDITION
TO GUIDE US,
DUSTY!!

THAT'S
RIGHT, SHIELD!
WE BETTER
LOOK FOR THE
HIGH MUCKY-MUCK
OURSELVES!!

GREETINGS!
THE
HUN!

BUT.. I SAW YOU
DEAD WITH
MY OWN EYES!

IT VAS MY
FATHER YOU
KILLED, SHIELD!

I AM DER SON
OF DER HUN!
SVORN BY DER
BLOOD OF MY
FATHER UND MY
ANCESTOR, ATTILLA,
TO KILL YOU,
UND AVENGE
OUR NAME ...
UND NOW
YOU DIE!



CHAPTER IV

THE BATTLE OF THE TITANS

NOT YET,
SHIELD!

ALLRIGHT! YOU'VE
GOT US, HUN!
WHY DON'T YOU
SHOOT AND GET
IT OVER WITH?

I'LL KILL YOU QUICKLY
ENOUGH, BUT IN MY
OWN WAY! LEAF ME
ALONE MIT DER SHIELD,
MEN! TAKE DER
BRAT MIT
YOU!

IF YOU
HARM THAT
BOY...

DON'T WORRY! HE VON'T BE-
YET! I VANT HIM TO SEE...AS VELL
AS DER REST OF DER WORLD,
HOW I DEAL MIT YOU! FIRST,
I VILL PUT ON MY TELEVISION-
SENDING APPARATUS!!

E

IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS...

DIS ISS DER SON OF DER HUN
BROADCASTING! YOU ARE ABOUT TO
VITNESS A BATTLE TO DER DEATH
BETWEEN A PURE ARYAN UND DER
GREATEST REPRESENTATIF OF DER
DER DECADENT DEMOCRACIES...
DER SHIELD!!

JEHOSEPHAT!

CHIEF! WE CAN
TRACE THAT
BROADCAST, AND
CAPTURE THE
HUN, IF...

NO! NOT YET, MEN!
THIS IS THE SHIELD'S
FIGHT! HE'D WANT
TO SEE THIS THING
THROUGH ALONE!

DER WHOLE
WORLD SHALL
BE VITNESS
TO DER
SHIELD'S
DOWNFALL!
DER TRIUMPH
OF DER
MASTER
RACE!



NOW MY FATHER,
DER HUN, SHALL BE
AVENGED, SHIELD!
AVENGED BEFORE
DER WHOLE
WORLD!

I'M READY,
WHENEVER
YOU ARE!

.. AND A SHOWDOWN
WITH YOU SUITS ME
FINE! HERE I
COME, HUN!

A dynamic illustration of a superhero in a blue suit with a red 'S' emblem on the chest, leaping through a doorway. The superhero is in a crouched position, ready for action. The doorway is framed by a red border.

A dynamic illustration of a superhero in a red and blue suit with a mask, standing on a city street. The superhero is in a crouching pose, ready for action. The background shows a city skyline with buildings and a bridge.

I DO NOT
WASTE ANY
TIME WITH
YOU,
SHELDON

NOW, YOU
PIE!

A close-up illustration of a man in a red and blue suit, possibly a superhero, lying on the ground. He has a shocked or distressed expression, with wide eyes and a slightly open mouth. He is wearing a blue vest over a red shirt, and red pants with a blue belt. The background is dark and appears to be a scene of destruction or an accident, with debris and a dark, jagged structure visible.

YOU KNOW ALL
THE ANSWERS,
DON'T YOU,
HUN?

BUT HERE'S
A \$64
QUESTION,
THAT DOESN'T
NEED AN
ANSWER!

CRAZY

GET UP AND
FIGHT! I DON'T
NEED ANY
NAZI TRICKS
TO LICK
YOU!

SPINELESS FOOL!
DO YOU THINK I
RESPECT YOUR
VEAKLING CODE OF
FAIR PLAY? DERE
ISS ONLY VUN LAW
VE NAZIS RESPECT..
SURVIVAL OF DER
STRONG!

...UND DEATH
TO DER
VEAK!



OKAY,
THEN..
I'LL PLAY
THE GAME
YOUR WAY!

NOW, COME
OVER HERE...



...AND GET A
DOSE OF
YOUR OWN
MEDICINE!!

ERNST..
HANS...
HURRY
IN HERE!

WELL, WELL! LOOKS
LIKE THE PURE-
BLOODED ARYAN
NEEDS A
TRANSFUSION!



VERE ARE
ALL MY MEN,
CURSE
DEM!

YOU SENT
THEM TO
GUARD THE
OUTSIDE!
REMEMBER?
WHEN YOU
WERE SO
COCK. SURE
OF LICKING
ME!

IN
BERLIN,
WHERE
HITLER
IS
AN
INTENT
SPECTATOR
....

FUEHRER!
DER HUN
RAN FROM
DER ROOM!
VOT CAN HAFF
HAPPENED?

IT ISS
ONLY A
STRATEGIC
RETRAIT-
I HOPE!



AND BACK AGAIN IN F.B.I. HEADQUARTERS, WHERE EVERY EYE ALSO WAS GLUED TO THE TELEVISION RECEIVER...

WE'VE
ALREADY
TRACED THAT
BROADCAST,
CHIEF! DO
WE GO AFTER
THEM NOW?

YOU BET! THE SHIELD
HAS THAT NAZION
THE
RUN!

..AND THOSE RATS
WON'T STOP AT
ANYTHING, NOW, TO
GET HIM! LET'S GO,
MEN!!

BOY! THIS CAVE STRETCHES A LONG WAY... SAY.. THIS MUST BE A DESERTED MINE!

A man in a green suit and tie is shouting, with another man in a grey suit and tie standing behind him. A woman's face is partially visible on the right.

GREAT GRAVY!
THAT THING IS
ROLLING RIGHT
AT ME!

A MINE
CAR! DIS ISS -
MY CHANCE
TO SHAKE DOT
ACCURSED SHIELD,
OFF MY NECK!

A superhero in a red, white, and blue costume is shown from the waist up, running to the right. He has a determined expression and is shouting into a speech bubble. The background shows a dark, textured surface, possibly a train car, with a large, rectangular opening in the center.

BUT NOT
OVER ME!

NOW, HUN,
THE CROSS.
COUNTRY
RACE IS
OVER!!

00

A dynamic comic book panel showing a superhero in a red and blue suit performing a high kick or punch. The superhero is positioned diagonally across the frame, with one leg extended forward and the other bent. The background shows a cityscape with buildings and a bridge. A speech bubble in the top left corner contains the text "BUT NOT OVER ME!".

A panel from a vintage comic book. On the left, a speech bubble contains the text: "NOW, HUN, THE CROSS-COUNTRY RACE IS OVER!." On the right, a Nazi superhero with a swastika emblem on his chest is shown in mid-air, shouting "Oooof!" and looking surprised. He is wearing a dark green suit with a yellow emblem on the chest. Below him, another superhero in a red, white, and blue costume with a star emblem on the chest is also in mid-air, looking towards the Nazi superhero. The background shows a window with a view of a city street.

PRETTY HANDY
WITH YOUR FEET,
AREN'T YOU??

WELL I'LL
STICK TO
FISTS...

GET UP ON
YOUR FEET, YOU
TREACHEROUS
DOG, SO I
CAN FINISH
YOU OFF!

YOU STUPID DOLT! YOU
SHOULD HAVE DISARMED ME,
WHEN YOU HAD A CHANCE!
FOR YOUR RIDICULOUS IDEAS
OF FAIR PLAY, YOU WILL
PAY.. WITH YOUR
LIFE!!

BANG
BANG
BANG

DESPERATELY THE SHIELD
DUCKS THE HAIL OF DEATH,
AND AS BULLETS SPATTER
THE WALL...

...A SECTION
OF IT GIVES WAY...

JUMPING TOAD STOOLS!
THIS MINE-SHAFT MUST
RUN UNDER A STREAM!

DER VATER
IS RISING,
SHIELD! WE
HAVE BETTER
DECLARE
A TRUCE!

THE DEVIL,
WE WILL!
YOU ASKED
FOR A FIGHT
TO THE FINISH,
AND YOU'RE
GOING TO
GET IT!



SHIELD! DER TUNNEL IS FLOODING! VE MUSTN'T FIGHT ANYMORE, OR VE'LL DIE LIKE RATS! I.. I DON'T VANT TO DIE DOT VAY SHIELD!

WHY, YOU SNIVELLING MOUSE!.. WHAT'S THAT?.. SOUNDS LIKE HOOF BEATS!

THEN A WEIRD MIST FORMS AND OUT OF IT A FIGURE EMERGES - ATTILA THE HUN...

..AND BEFORE THE SHIELD CAN RECOVER FROM HIS AMAZEMENT, A SWORD FLASHES DOWNWARD, AND...

YOU HAVE BEEN BEATEN, O, SON OF THE HUN! OUR POWER, THE POWER OF FORCE AND EVIL, IS ON THE WANE! NOW PREPARE TO JOIN ME, YOUR ANCESTOR, IN OBLIVION!

..AND AT THAT MOMENT, THE F. B. I. FIND THEIR WAY INTO THE NAZI LAIR...

WELL, WE'VE ROUNDED THEM ALL UP, DUSTY.. BUT NO SIGN OF THE SHIELD, OR THE HUN!

GOLLY, CHIEF! DO YOU THINK THE HUN GOT HIM?

JUST THEN, AN F. B. I. MAN RETURNS EXCITEDLY AND LEADS THEM TO THE HUN HEADQUARTERS..

CHIEF! I TRACED THIS REAR ENTRANCE! IT LEADS TO A DESERTED MINE SHAFT!

LET'S FOLLOW IT, MEN! MAYBE THAT'S WHERE THEY WENT!



GOOD LORD! THIS TUNNEL IS FLOODING WITH WATER! IF THE SHIELD IS IN THERE WHY DOESN'T HE COME OUT, UNLESS ... UNLESS...

GREAT HEAVENS! THE.. THE SHIELD! AND LOOK WHAT HAPPENED!!

AND IN BERLIN...

VOT HAPPENED MIT DER HUN? VHY DOESN'T HE APPEAR BEFORE HIS TELEVISION SENDER AGAIN?

SURELY, HE HAS CONQUERED DER SHIELD. BY DIS TIME... VOT'S DOT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A HORSE'S HOOF BEATS!!

ATTILA, DER HUN!!

YES, FUEHRER! I CAME TO WARN YOU! OUR CAUSE IS FALLEN! ONCE BEFORE, I APPEARED AND GAVE YOU POWER! NOW I COME TO WARN YOU OF YOUR DOOM!!

THEN AS THE APPARITION FADES...

NO, NO! OURS IS A MIGHTY RACE! WE WILL NOT BE CONQUERED!

DER TELEVISION! IT'S STARTING TO WORK!

..AND THEN SLOWLY AS THE BLUR ON THE TELEVISION SCREEN STARTS TO TAKE ON SHAPE, THERE APPEARS BEFORE THE STARTLED FUEHRER'S EYES...

HERE IT IS, NAZIS!.. YOUR PICTURE, OF THINGS TO COME!!

"YOU'VE ALREADY TASTED THE GROWING FORCE OF DEMOCRACY.. OUR COMMANDO RAIDS STRIKING LIKE PHANTOMS OF DEATH EVERYWHERE - ANYWHERE IT COULD FIND YOU!..."

"...IN THAT COFFIN OF THE NAZI SUPERMAN... RUSSIA, WHOSE ARMY HAD BEEN ANNIHILATED TWO YEARS AGO!..."

THESE SCHICKLGRUBER ARE YOUR ANSWERS TO THE CHALLENGE YOU SENT ME!.. WITH THE FINAL ANSWER TO COME!

"...ON THE BURNING DESERT SANDS OF AFRICA WHERE YOU WERE GOING TO BUILD THE ETERNAL EMPIRE!"

"...IN THE VERY STREETS OF THE COUNTRIES YOU'VE ALREADY CONQUERED!..

THE END

IN THE CLEAR

a short short crime tale

THE moment he was ready to leave the teller's cage, Bill Milford heard them. Footsteps! They were coming slowly, shuffling, softly—

Then a key grated in a lock. He knew what would happen to a teller who was caught there at midnight without a good reason. A bank teller can't just walk into the building at midnight, when old Joe Waterman, the watchman, always went down by the furnace to eat his lunch, and walk off with five grand, as he did a few months before.

A bank would never stand for such irregularities. And Bill Milford was no exception. Fourteen years under the eagle eyes of Old Tim Beardsley, never giving thought of ever taking a red cent, then the day finally came.

But now he was back again on a different mission. To pay the money back. He needed the money in a hurry if Elsie was to live. The doctor told him he had to send

her south for at least a year, and the year was now up. Milford's young wife was back on her feet, but now—

A beam of light shot from a flashlight in the intruder's hand. A key grated in another lock, the lock on the cage in which he now crouched behind a large filing cabinet.

A man shuffled inside and flicked on the light, stared.

"Milford!" Old Tim Beardsley almost choked out the word. "What are you doing here at this hour?"

"Forgot something, and—er—had to attend to it before morning," Milford stammered, then smiled a bit maliciously. "And you?"

"I—I had an adjustment to make in a party's loan contract, and I—"

"Was that party—you?" Milford's voice was strange and accusing. "Why not lay the cards on the table, face up! I know this will finish me with the bank, but I'm satisfied, Beardsley. I can get work in New York. If

you really want to know why I came here tonight, I'll tell you."

He pushed a heavy ledger in front of the sharp eyes of Tim Beardsley, who gazed over his bifocals to read it.

"That's what I came here for tonight. To give back the money I'd taken. I just won twenty grand in a sweepstake. Now I'm in the clear with the bank, and you or no one else can prove that I took it. It's back with all references made in the files. So—"

"Then you're leaving our employ?" Beardsley's tone was optimistic. "You're leaving without even handing in your resignation?"

"Yes. I know you'll try to prove something."

"No, Billy, my boy. I won't say a word. I know it was too bad about your wife. I felt sorry for you and her. I always liked you, Billy, even though you did not think I did. But now you're leaving, so I'll tell you something. My son has been waiting for an opening here for a long time.

Now he'll get his chance, by you going."

Milford's eyes rested on the keys in the lock. Only he and Old Beardsley had a set to fit. Slowly, he moved to the door, then swiftly opened it, letting himself out and quickly slammed the door shut, leaving Beardsley locked inside.

"Milford!" Tim Beardsley's voice rang out with a resonant hollow sound that echoed throughout the building. "What are you doing?"

"Just doing what you've tried to do to me for a long time. Caging you up like an animal. Now you'll have some explaining to do in the morning!"

Beardsley was yelling like the trapped rodent he was; cursing Milford with his high-pitched caterwaul.

"Pipe down!" Milford shouted. "Do you want Joe Waterman to come up here? If he finds you there, he'll squawk. You won't have a chance. He don't like you a

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933
of *Shield Wizard Comics*, published quarterly at Holyoke, Mass., for October 1st, 1942.

State of New York
County of New York

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Louis H. Silberkleit, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the publisher of *Shield Wizard Comics*, and that the following, is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 327, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: publisher, Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City; editor, Harry Shorten, 168 West Broadway, New York City; managing editor,

little bit. He has a score to settle with you for trying to fire him."

Old Tim Beardsley continued his yelling, but Waterman did not appear, and Milford wondered why the old watchman did not come hobbling up the stairs. Then Beardsley answered the question for him.

"Waterman!" The head bookkeeper shouted. "He can't come up here. He's dead! I—" Beardsley's breath seemed to give way. "I'll get the chair! Let me out, Billy, and I'll—"

A bell drowned out the old bookkeeper's cries. The burglar alarm! Soon a cordon of police would come swarming on the scene, surrounding the bank with sub-machine guns drawn, tear-gas bombs.

But Billy Milford did not want to remain for the excitement. He dashed down the rear stairs and let himself out through the coal chute, then crept into the

John L. Goldwater, 168 West Broadway, New York City; business manager, Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 168 West Broadway, New York City; Louis H. Silberkleit, 168 West Broadway, New York City; Maurice Coyne, 168 West Broadway, New York City; John L. Goldwater, 168 West Broadway, New York City.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none no state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where

shadows of adjacent buildings, when he heard the approach of screeching sirens. Then he went home to Elsie. He did not wake her. When she did wake he'd have to tell her. They would have to pack quickly and go to New York. It would break her heart, but . . .

In the morning Elsie sat up in bed reading the morning paper when Billy opened his eyes.

"Feeling better, dear?" he asked.

"Yes," her voice sounded much stronger, he thought, and filled with cheer.

"You ought to feel better when you read the paper, too. Your chance for promotion has come at last. There was an attempted robbery at your bank last night or early this morning. Mr. Waterman had been hit over the head and knocked unconscious, but he came back and shot and killed the man who he said was trying to rob the bank. Old Tim Beardsley!"

the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

LOUIS H. SILBERKLEIT

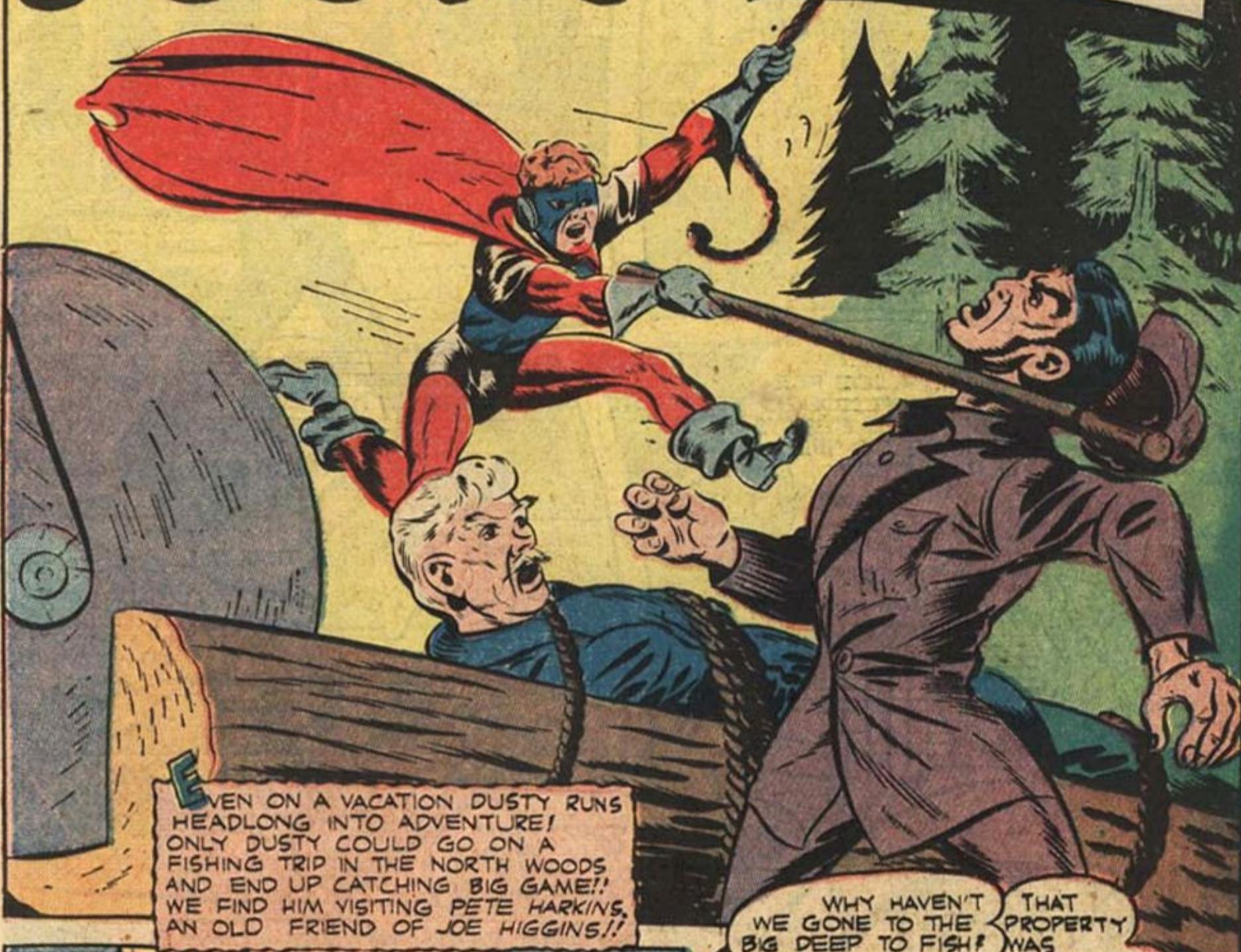
(Signature of Publisher)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1942. Maurice Coyne. (My Commission expires March 31, 1944.)

[SEAL]

DUSTY

THE SPECTACULAR
BOY DETECTIVE



EVEN ON A VACATION DUSTY RUNS HEADLONG INTO ADVENTURE! ONLY DUSTY COULD GO ON A FISHING TRIP IN THE NORTH WOODS AND END UP CATCHING BIG GAME!! WE FIND HIM VISITING PETE HARKINS, AN OLD FRIEND OF JOE HIGGINS!!

I'M REAL SORRY, JOE COULDN'T COME UP WITH YOU, DUSTY!

JOE'LL BE HERE AS SOON AS HE STRAIGHTENS OUT SOME BUSINESS IN WASHINGTON, PETE!!

WHY HAVEN'T WE GONE TO THE BIG DEEP TO FISH?

THAT PROPERTY WAS BOUGHT BY ERNEST HERMANN! HE'S POSTED THE WHOLE PLACE! AS A KID HE WAS A BULLY, AN' HE'S WORSE NOW! HE'LL SHOOT ANYONE THAT TRESPASSES!!!

HE RUNS THE PLACE
AS A COMBINATION LUMBER.
CAMP, AND RESORT PLACE...
BUT THERE'S SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT IT! SPEAK
OF THE DEVIL, HERE HE
COMES!!



HELLO, PETE!
I'VE GOT A JOB FOR
YOU! I WANT YOU TO
GUIDE SOME GUESTS
OF MINE, TO THE
OLD HUTTON
CAMP!!

SORRY, I'M
NOT INTERESTED!!

YOU'VE
GOTTA DO
IT! I'LL PAY
DOUBLE RATES!
YOU'RE THE
ONLY GUIDE
WHO CAN
FOLLOW
THE
TRAIL!!

IT'S NO GO!!
I DON'T WANT
TO WORK
FOR YOU, AND
ANYHOW
I'M BUSY!
I'VE A
GUEST!

YOU'LL BE SORRY, FOR
THIS, PETE! YOU BEEN
GETTING TOO UPPITY
FER YOUR OWN GOOD!

HE SURE
IS A
NASTY
CUSTOMER
!!!

DARN RIGHT!
YOU KNOW I'M
A DEPUTY
SHERIFF, AND
ALL I HOPE IS
THAT SOMEDAY
I'LL CATCH HIM
PULLING A
CROOKED DEAL!

NEXT MORNING...

I'M GOING DOWN TO
THE MAIN ROAD, I'LL SEE
IF THERE'S ANY MAIL!
BE RIGHT BACK!!

O.K. PETE! I'LL FINISH
WRITING THIS WHILE
YOU'RE GONE!!



PETE'S BEEN GONE
OVER AN HOUR!
I'D BETTER GO
SEE WHAT'S
THE MATTER!

I HAVE A QUEER HUNCH THAT
PETE'S IN TROUBLE AND HERMANN'S
GOT SOMETHING TO
DO WITH
IT!!

Dear Joe -
Having a swell vacation!
All I do is fish, eat, and
sleep! Wish you'd hurry on
up! You should see the size
of the trout I've been
catching!
See you soon...
Dusty

IF ONLY
DUSTY
REALIZED
HOW
RIGHT
HIS
HUNCH
WAS!
FOR
AT
THAT
MOM-
ENT
AT
HERMANN'S
CAMP...

CURSE YOUR
STUBBORNNESS
HAWKINS! YOU'RE
GONNA GUIDE
ME AND MY
PARTY.
OR...

YOUR
THREATS DON'T SCARE ME,
HERMANN! AS SOON AS I
GET FREE, YOU'RE GONNA
BE ARRESTED FOR
KIDNAPPING!

THAT SETTLES
IT! HANS, LET'S
GET TO
WORK ON
THE OLD
FOOL!

MIT PLEASURE,
HERR
HERMANN!

SAY... THAT GUY MUST
BE ONE OF THE NAZIS
WHO BROKE OUTTA THE
CONCENTRATION CAMP!
WHY YOU DIRTY
TRAITOR!.....

SURE HE
IS, HAWKINS!..

BUT WHEN
WE GET
THROUGH WITH
YOU YOU
WON'T BE
ABLE TO TELL
ANYBODY
ELSE!!

HERR HERMANN!
WE CHUST CAUGHT
A BOY TRYING TO
SNEAK INTO
OUR CAMP!

WHAT?.. THAT
MUST BE THE
KID, WHO'S A
FRIEND OF
HARKINS!
WHERE IS
HE??

OUTSIDE.. UNCONSCIOUS!!
HE FOUGHT LIKE DER
TEVEEL! IT TOOK
SIX OF US TO
SUBDU HIM!!

BRING HIM
IN,
ADOLF!



HA, HA... TALK
WHILE YOU
CAN, YOU
BRAT!

SOON YOU'LL
BE WITHOUT A
TONGUE...
AND YOU'LL
NEVER TALK
AGAIN!!

SEE! SEE
HOW THE HEAT
BURNS HIS LASHES,
BEFORE THE
POKER IS EVEN
NEAR HIS EYES!

STOP!!
STOP, I SAY!!
I'LL GUIDE YOU,
BUT TAKE THAT
POKER AWAY
FROM DUSTY'S
EYES!!



HERMANN,
YOU FIEND!
YOU COULDN'T
!!!



ILL GUIDE YOU
BUT, REMEMBER,
YOUVE PROMISED
NOT TO
HURT,
DUSTY!

DON'T WORRY,
PETE! IF YOU GUIDE
US, I PROMISE,
WE'LL LEAVE
DUSTY
UNHARMED!!

HA-HA-VOT A JOKE!
HERMANN PROMISED
PETE VE'D LEAVE YOU
UNHARMED, AND VE VILL!
BUT THIS DYNAMITE
VILL BLOW YOU
UP AFTER VE
LEAVE! CLEVER
HA, HA??

WHY YOU
FILTHY
TRAITOR!
WAIT TILL
THE F.B.I.
DOES
CATCH UP
WITH YOU!

I VON'T EVEN
BOther TO BURN
UP DER SECRET
PAPERS! DER
EXPLOSION VILL DO
DIT FOR ME!!

GOSH! IF I
COULD ONLY
GET THESE
ROPEs OFF!
THEY SURE
TIED 'EM
THOROUGHLY!

MAYBE! IF I
CAN TIP THIS
CHAIR SO, THAT
I FALL ACROSS
THE FUSE!!

THAT DOES
IT! THE FUSE
IS BURNING
THRU THE
ROPE!!

I'LL LET THE PLACE
BLOW UP! THAT'LL MAKE
'EM THINK I'M OUT OF
THE WAY! HMM...MAYBE
I CAN USE
SOME OF
THESE!

NOW IF I CAN ONLY CATCH
THEM, BEFORE THEY CROSS
THE RIVER!



BOY! I'M SURE GLAD I DIDN'T STAY FOR THAT SEND OFF INTO ETERNITY!

THERE THEY ARE! LOADING THE CANOES! BOY HOW'LL I GET DOWN IN TIME! IT'S A GOOD HALF MILE!!

A LOG CHUTE! THIS'LL DO IT!!

IF I CAN GET THIS LOG ON THE CHUTE, I'LL HAVE A PRIVATE EXPRESS TO THE RIVER!

IT'S LUCKY THAT THEY'RE RIGHT BELOW THE BEND IN THE RIVER! THEY CAN'T SEE ME!

HERE'S WHERE I GET OFF! I CAN'T LET THE T.N.T. GET WET!



WHAT A BREAK!
HERE'S THE LOG-
JAM! WITH THIS
T.N.T. I CAN GIVE
THE BOYS A
NICE SURPRISE!

THIS SURE
TAKES FOOTWORK!
I'D HATE TO
FALL IN THE
PATH OF THIS
JAM, WHEN
IT BREAKS
LOOSE!

AND NOW TO GET
PETE OUT OF THE WAY!
I HOPE I'M IN TIME!!

A HUGE LOG-CRESTED WAVE CAUSED
BY THE EXPLOSION HURTS DOWN
ON THE CANOES....

HANS!
JUMP!

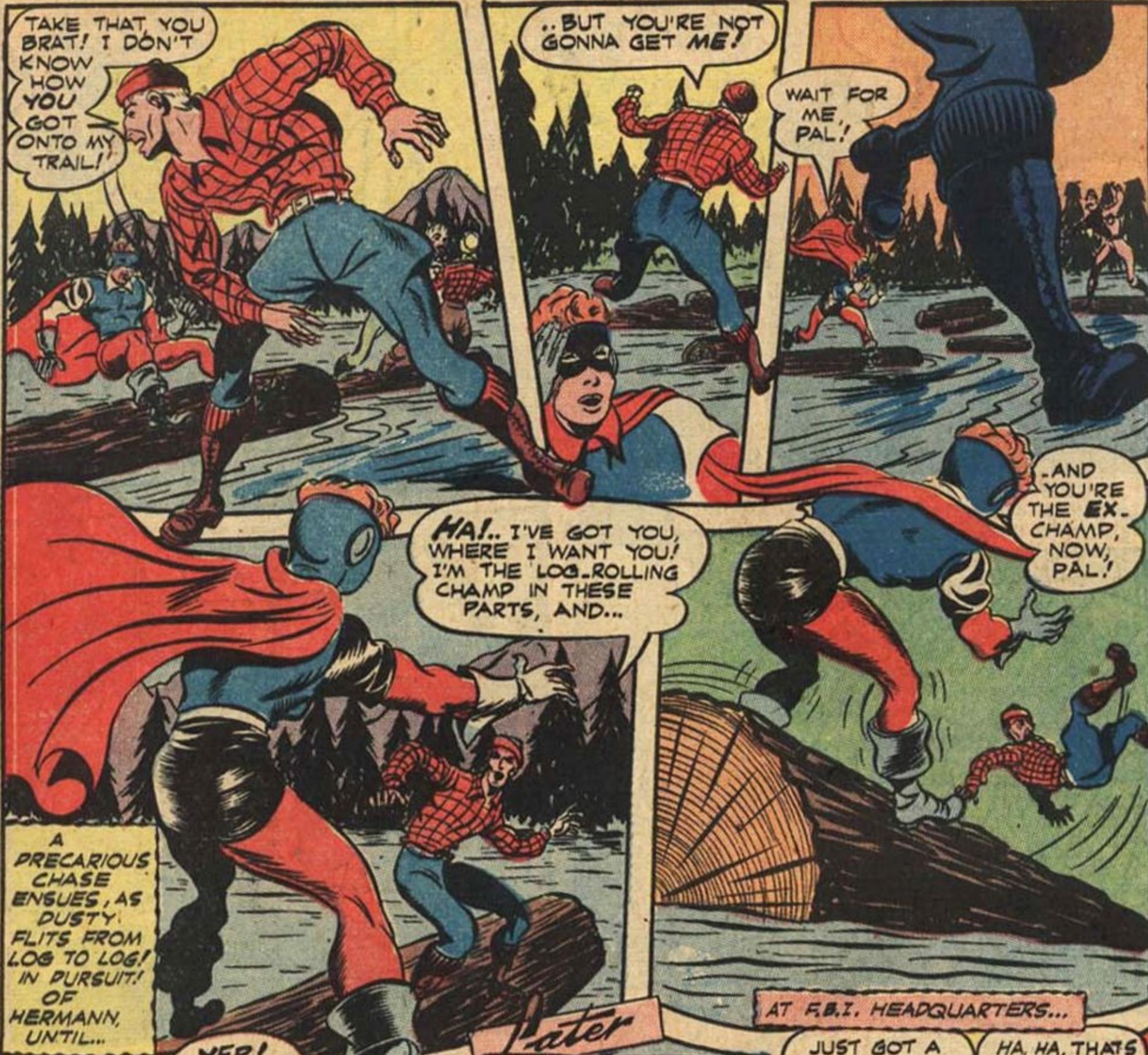
LOOK, PETE, THEY'LL
DROWN, WE'D BET-
TER GET OUT
OF HERE!

I'D LIKE TO GET
MY HANDS ON THAT
G*!#*, WHO BLEW
UP THAT JAM!

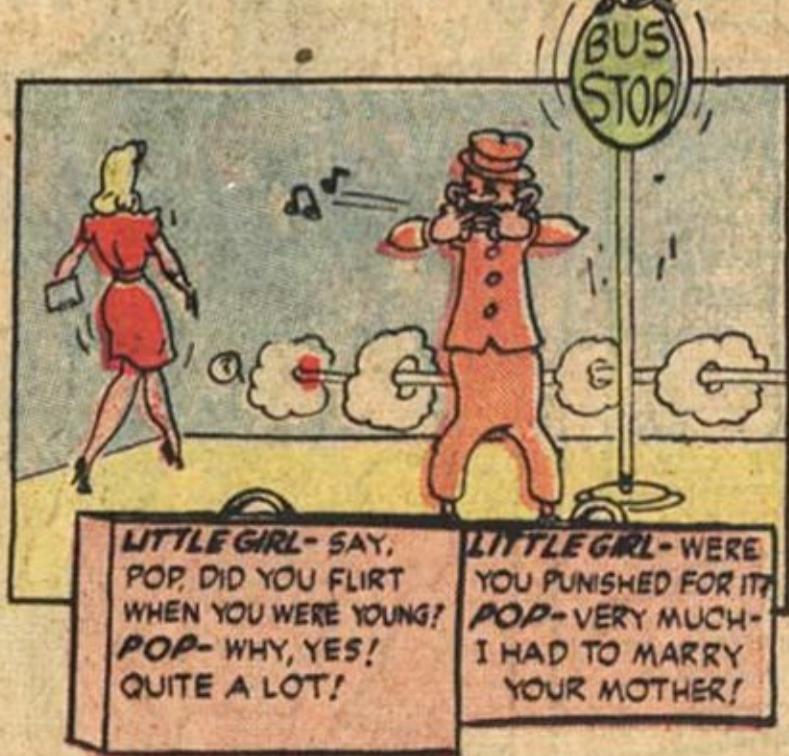
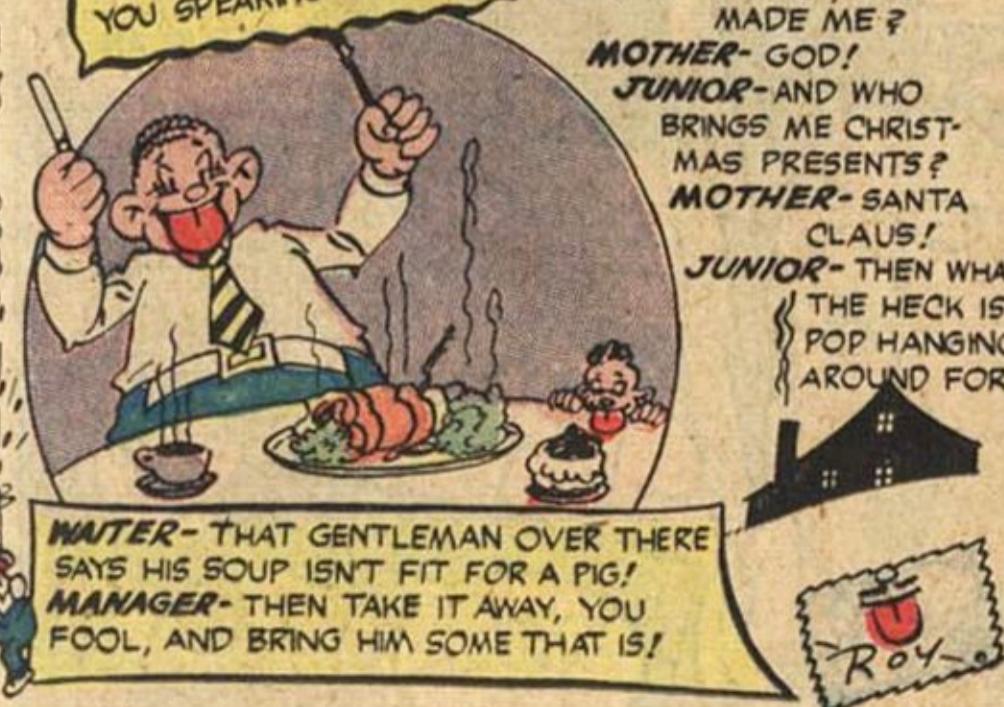
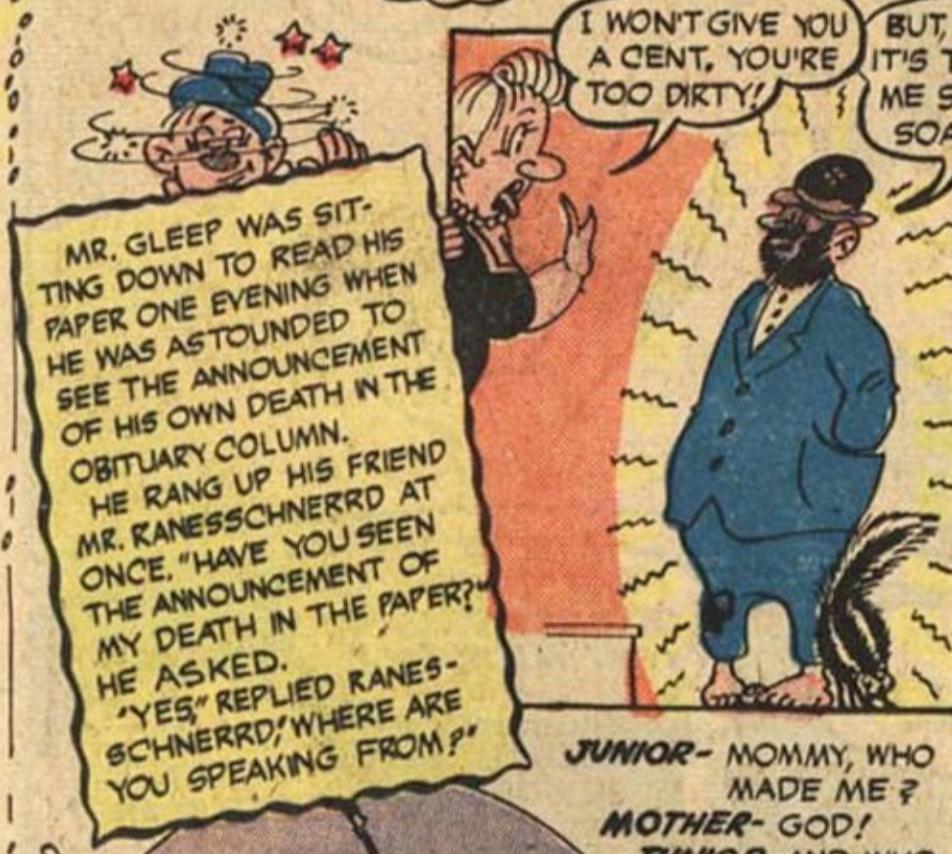
HI, PAL!...
LOOKING
FOR ME?

HUH!..
WHAT IN...

WHAT YOU
NEED IS A LITTLE
PADDLING! IT'S
GOOD FOR THE
MORALE!



WEST COOKES



REGISTERED
UNITED STATES
PATENT
OFFICE

THE WIZARD

WITH ROY.
THE SUPER-BOY



OH
GOLLY!
OH
GOLLY!

THE "CHRONICLE"
OFFICES PLEASE!
AND HURRY!

TAXI!

I CAN'T
WAIT UNTIL
I SEE BLANE!

SWAMI
RIVERS

MYSTIC
SPIRITUALIST
OCCULTIST
FORTUNE
TELLER

ONE FLIGHT
UP

YES,
MA'AM!

I DO HOPE
BLANE IS IN HIS
OFFICE!

BLANE! I
WENT TO THE
MOST WONDERFUL
SPIRITUALIST
TODAY!

AND HE TOLD ME
THE MOST AMAZING
THINGS ABOUT YOU!

OH
REALLY!

HE
WHAT!

YES INDEED! HE TOLD
ME YOUR **SECRET**, BLANE
WHITNEY!

(GULP)
HE
DID?

YOU'VE BEEN
KEEPING IT FROM
ME FOR ALONG
TIME, BLANE,
BUT NOW I
KNOW!

ER- WHAT
DID HE
TELL YOU
JANE?

YOU KNOW
WHAT HE TOLD
ME, BLANE
WHITNEY! NOW
DON'T PRETEND
YOU DON'T!

BUT I
DON'T,
JANE!

ALL RIGHT!
IF YOU'RE GOING
TO BE THAT
WAY ABOUT IT,
JUST READ MY
COLUMN TOMORROW,
YOU'LL FIND OUT!



MY "SECRET"!
HMMMM---

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT
SOMEONE KNOWS THAT
I'M THE **WIZARD**!
WOULD THAT BE WHAT
HE TOLD JANE? -- BUT
SHE WOULDN'T PUT THAT
IN HER COLUMN ----

ROY! ROY!

WHAT'S A
TROUBLE
BLANE?

COME IN HERE
AND CLOSE THE
DOOR!

LISTEN, ROY!
I'VE JUST FOUND OUT
THAT THERE'S A
POSSIBILITY SOME
ONE MAY KNOW I'M
THE WIZARD!

WHAT?

I THINK WE
HAD BETTER DO
A LITTLE INVESTIGATING!

O'BOY!
ACTION!

WAIT A MINUTE!
NOT SO FAST--
WE'LL GO AS
WE ARE, AS
BLANE WHITNEY
AND ROY
CARTER!

AND SO-A
SHORT TIME
LATER---

HERE'S THE
SPOT, ROY!
LET'S GO!



MEANWHILE - WITHIN THE
SPIRITUALIST'S HALLS ---

HAH! DIS ISS
DER PERFECT FALSE
FRONT FOR OUR
SHPY HEADQUARTERS!

YESS - AS LONG
AS WE HAVE
OUR MOORISH
FRIEND TO
PLAY AT BEING
MYSTIC - HA, HA!

JA - DER POOR SAP!
HE STILL THINKS
HE ISS DER ONE
VOT DOES ALL
DER TRICKS!

YES - SS!

QUIET
FOOLS!
HAVEN'T I
TOLD YOU NOT
TO TALK WHEN
HE'S AROUND!

NEXT TIME --
REMEMBER!

WHACK

POW

THERE'S
A CUSTOMER AT
THE DOOR SWAMI!
NOW REMEMBER --
NO SLIPS!

YES, SIR!

AH - COME IN
GENTLEMEN!

THANK
YOU!

MY NAME
IS -----!

WAIT!
I WILL
TELL YOU!

YOU ARE **BLANE WHITNEY**!
AND YOU HAVE COME HERE
BECAUSE YOUR FIANCÉE TOLD
YOU ABOUT ME AND YOU
WISH TO SEE MY POWER!
VERY WELL! YOU SHALL
SEE MY POWER!!



LOOK ME IN THE EYE, MR. WHITNEY! I'LL SHOW YOU MY SUPERIOR POWER - I'LL MAKE YOU FLOAT IN MID-AIR! LOOK AT ME!!!

YOU ARE NOW GOING TO RISE OFF THE GROUND BECAUSE MY MIND IS SO MUCH MORE POWERFUL THAN YOURS!

WHAT'S HAPPENING? I'M FLOATING! HALP!

HMM! GUESS I'LL HAVE TO USE A LITTLE OF MY OWN POWER!

THE WEAKER MIND, MY FRIEND!

GEE!

HOW'D YOU DO IT, BLANE?

DON'T FORGET, ROY! I KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT THIS MYSTICISM MYSELF!

FURTHER MORE - THIS GUY IS A FAKE! HE DOESN'T KNOW THE FIRST THING ABOUT LEVITATION!

STOP IT, I SAY!

LEMMIE DOWN!

SUDDENLY

THAT'S FUNNY!

GET OUT OF HERE! GET OUT!

ALL RIGHT, WE'RE GOING! AND THANKS FOR THE DEMONSTRATION!

OUTSIDE

WHY'D YOU SAY THAT'S FUNNY WHEN YOU LET HIM DOWN, BLANE?

THAT'S JUST IT - I DIDN'T LET HIM DOWN! SOMEONE ELSE FORCED HIM DOWN! THERE WAS A VERY POWERFUL MIND IN THERE AND IT WASN'T HIS!



WE'RE GOING
BACK, KID! AND
THIS TIME AS
THE WIZARD
AND ROY!

HOT
DOG!

COME ON!
WE'LL GO
UP THAT
FIRE ESCAPE!



ALEZ-OOP!

CATCH
A HOLD,
WIZARD!

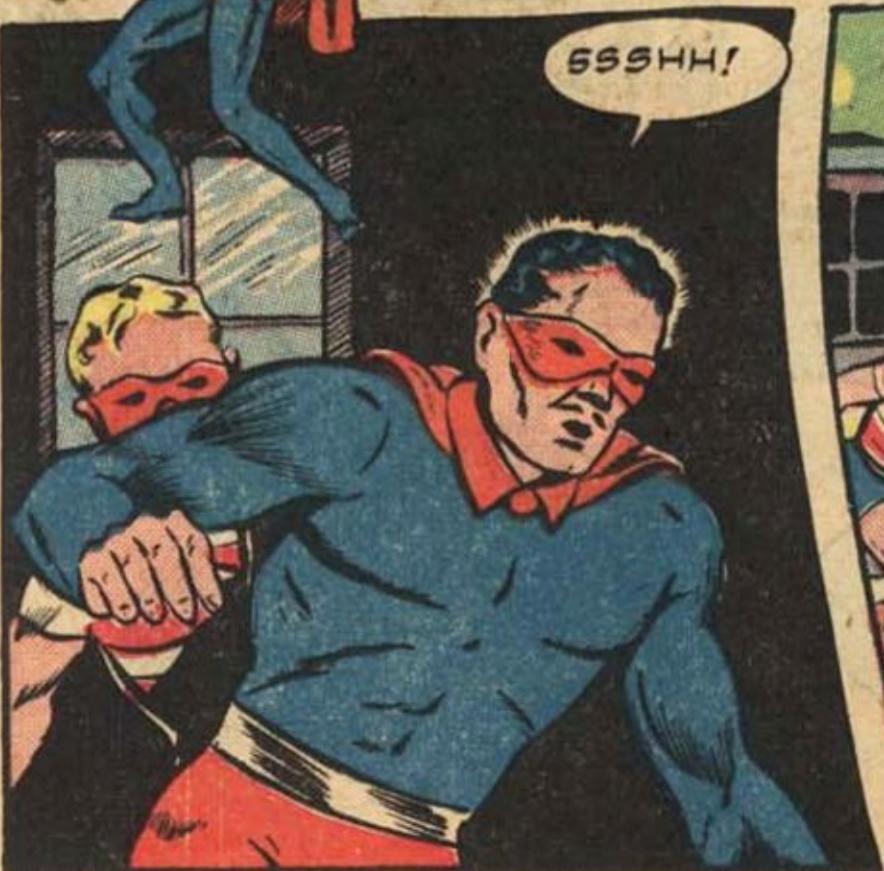
IN HERE!



SSSHH!

WHA--?

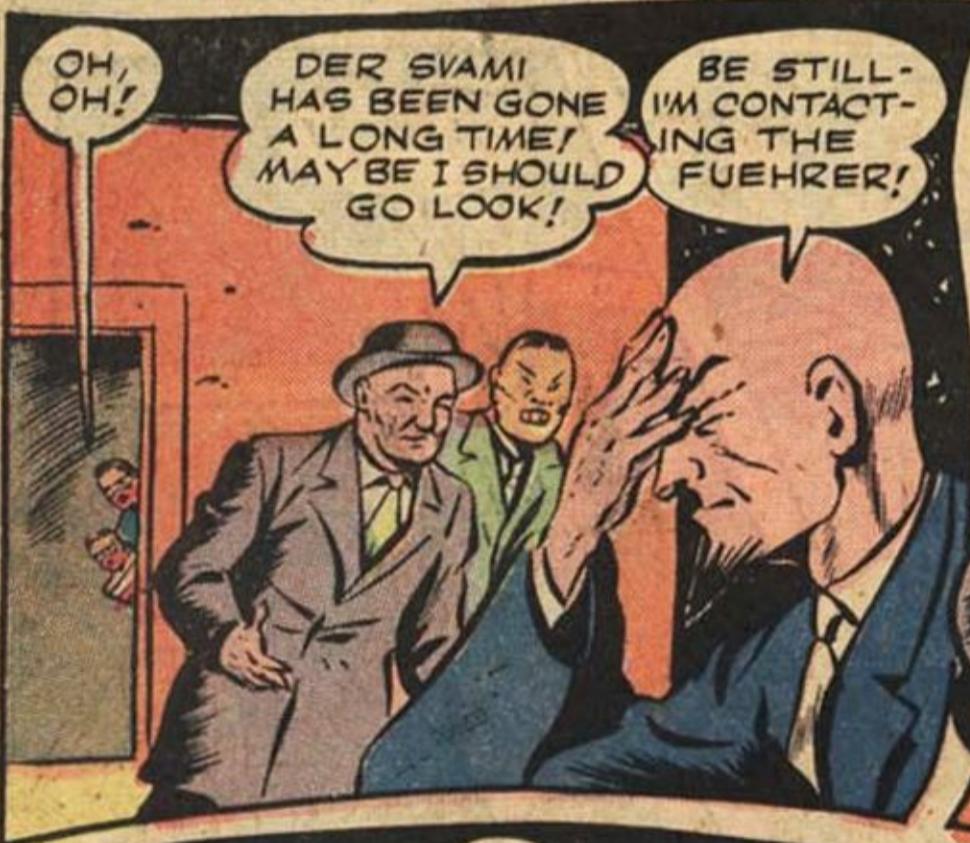
AHA-AA!



THIEVES, EH! ROBBERS!
TRYING TO STEAL SOME
OF MY SECRETS!
WHO ARE YOU?

WE HAVEN'T TIME
TO FOOL WITH YOU,
YOU JUST HANG
UP THERE OUT
OF THE WAY FOR
A WHILE!

C'MON, ROY! WE'VE A
LITTLE INVESTIGATING
TO DO!



BUT ROY DOESN'T
DO SO WELL --

YI!
JIU-JITSU!

TRY A GOOD
OLD AMERICAN
FIST!

SO!

NOW WHERE'S
THE TELEPATHIST!



THIS GUY IS A **REAL**
MYSTIC AND AXIS AGENT!
HE'S BEEN SENDING
MESSAGES TO GERMANY
BY **TELEPATHY** INSTEAD
OF SHORT-WAVE - VERY
INGENIOUS! HE WAS
THE ONE WHO BROUGHT
THE SWAMI DOWN WHEN
I HAD HIM FLOATING!
'NOW LET'S CALL THE
F.B.I.!

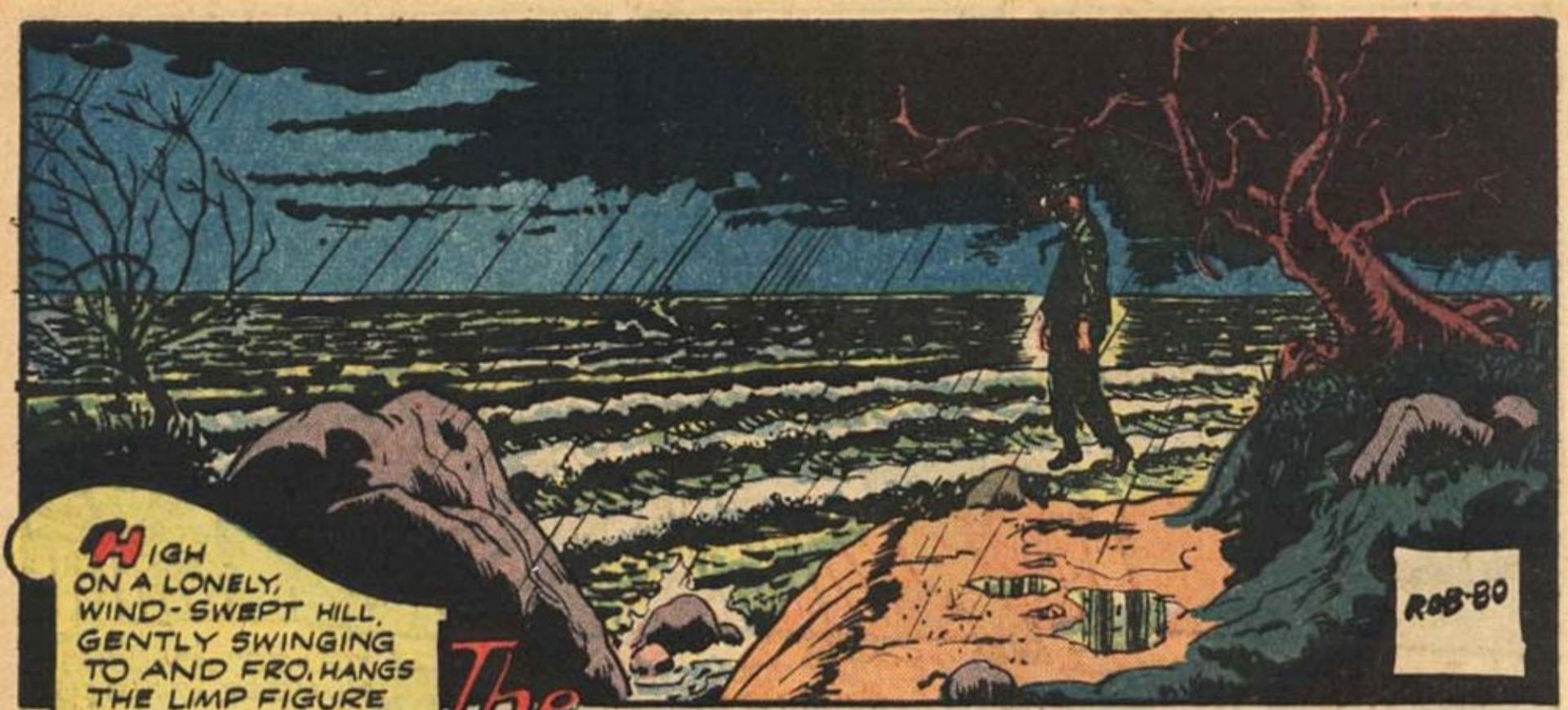
GATER--

JANE!
WHAT DID YOU
FIND OUT ABOUT
ME FROM THE
SWAMI?

WELL-L-L!
ALL-RIGHT!
HE TOLD
ME THAT
YOUR MIDDLE
NAME IS -
DINGLEBOTTOM!

(GULP) NOW HOW
DID HE EVER FIND
THAT OUT?





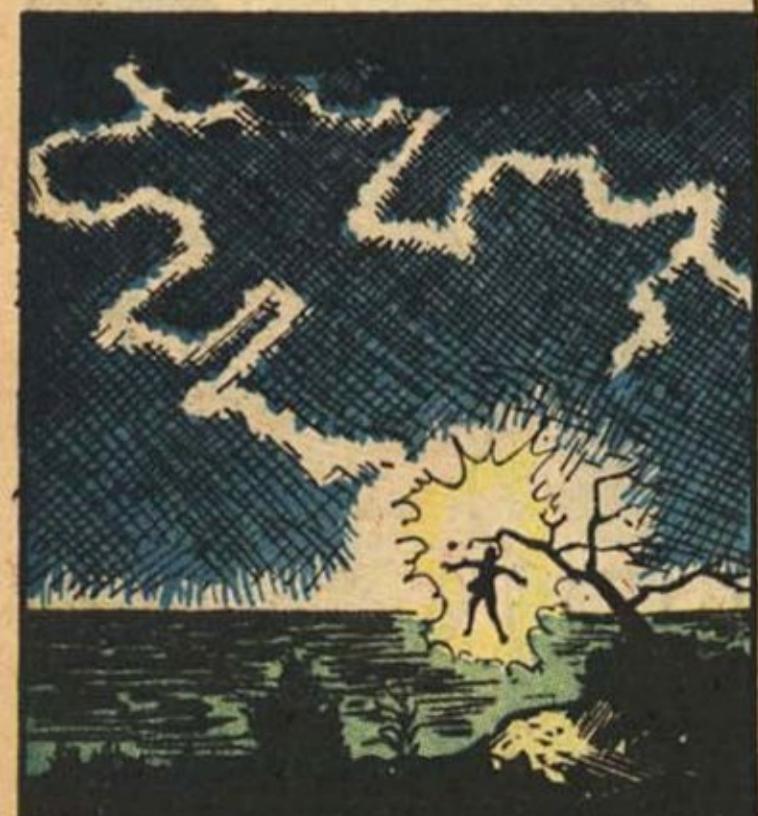
HIGH ON A LONELY, WIND-SWEPT HILL, GENTLY SWINGING TO AND FRO, HANGS THE LIMP FIGURE OF WHAT WAS ONCE A RESPECTABLE MEMBER OF THE HUMAN RACE! HIS FELLOW MEN, THE PEOPLE HE GREW UP WITH, DECIDED HIS FATE, HANGED HIM FOR MURDER, THE MURDER OF THE VILLAGE MAYOR! HASTY PEOPLE, THESE VILLAGERS! WITHOUT A TRIAL THEY HANGED HIM FROM A TREE LIMB, AND LEFT HIM SWINGING IN THE RAIN!

ROB-BO

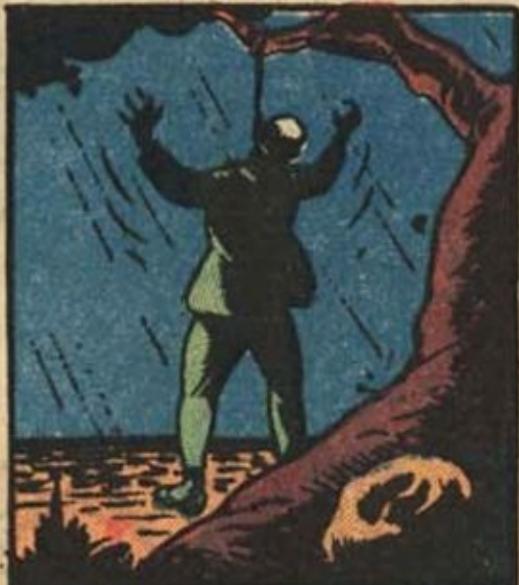
The WIZARD and ROY the SUPER BOY!



WAS HE GUILTY OR NOT? THE STORM CLOUDS GATHER OVERHEAD TO FORM THEIR VERDICT!



AND A CHARGE OF LIGHTNING THAT WOULD BRING DEATH TO THE LIVING, BRINGS LIFE TO THE DEAD--



WHAT AM I DOING HERE? HOW DID I --- OH YES! THE MOB! THE PEOPLE -- THEY LEFT ME HERE TO DIE! BUT I DIDN'T DIE! HA, HA, THAT'S A GOOD ONE--I DIDN'T DIE!

I WAS INNOCENT, YET THEY HANGED ME! INNOCENT! BUT THEY COULDN'T WAIT FOR ME TO PROVE IT! NO! HANG HIM, HANG HIM! WELL I'LL PROVE IT NOW! I'LL SHOW THEM ALL!

SYLVIA! FIRST I'VE GOT TO FIND SYLVIA! SHE CAN HELP ME! SHE CAN TELL THEM!

MY NECK FEELS SO STRANGE! I WISH I COULD HOLD MY HEAD UP! WHAT WAS THAT?

OH, IT'S ONLY A DOG--SNYDER'S DOG! WHAT'SA MATTER SPOT! DON'T YOU KNOW ME?

C'MERE BOY, YOU HAVEN'T GOT ANYTHING TO BE MAD AT ME ABOUT! I'M YOUR OLD PAL RE-MEMBER?

YOWWR

HE'S DEAD! IT WAS JUST AS THO' LIGHTNING STRUCK HIM --AND ALL I DID WAS PAT HIM WITH MY HAND! STRANGE, I DIDN'T FEEL ANYTHING!

I MUST FIND SYLVIA!
SYLVIA CAN TELL ME
WHAT HAS HAPPENED!
DEAR SYLVIA, MY
BELOVED!

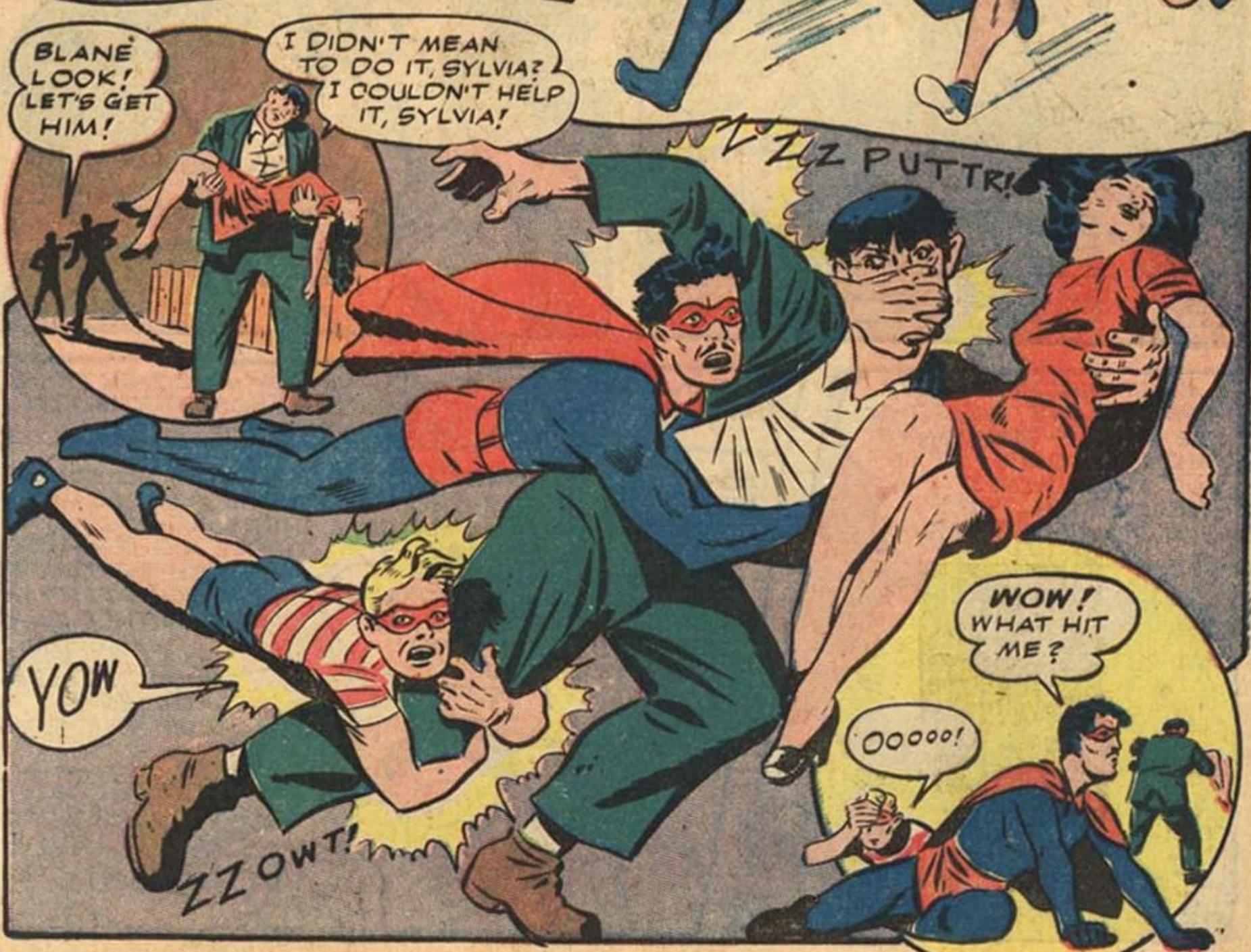
I'M COMING BACK SYLVIA!
YOU KNEW I WAS INNOCENT,
SYLVIA! YOU CRIED WHEN
THEY TOOK ME AWAY,
BUT DRY YOUR TEARS
DARLING, I'M BACK,
I'M BACK!

L-LOOK TIM, I DON'T
WANTA GET TOUGH, BUT
Y- YOU AIN'T GOT NO RIGHT
TO COME BACK HERE!
YOU'RE DEAD! SYLVIA'S
MY GIRL NOW! GO
BACK TO YOUR
GRAVE!

TIM!
DON'T!
DON'T
TIM!

GHOST OR NO
GHOST, TIM
I'M GONNA
LET YOU
HAVE IT!

TIM! YOU'RE DEAD! I
SAW THEM HANG YOU,
MYSELF! TIM, WHY
ARE YOU LOOK-
ING AT ME
LIKE THAT?



THE NEWS SPREADS LIKE WILDFIRE! THE VILLAGERS FORM A POSSE TO CATCH THE MONSTER THAT CAME BACK FROM THE DEAD-----

HA-HA! YOU'LL NOT GET ME THIS TIME!

THERE HE GOES--
GET HIM!
GET HIM!



WHICH WAY DID HE GO?

HE WENT THIS WAY--

NO-- THIS WAY!

HALF OF YOU GO THAT WAY!
THE REST COME WITH US!

THEY'RE GONE! NOW I'LL GO BACK TO THE VILLAGE! I'LL SHOW THEM! THEY'LL THINK TWICE BEFORE THEY HANG A MAN WITHOUT A TRIAL AGAIN!



I MUST FIND GORTH! HE'S THE ONE! HE'S THE ONE WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN HANGED, NOT ME! BUT THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME, I'VE GOT TO FIND GORTH!



MEANWHILE, THE WIZARD AND ROY, RECOVER FROM THE SHOCK OF CONTACTING THE "MONSTER" FORM A PLAN OF STRATEGY ---

ROY, THERE'S SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT THIS WHOLE SET-UP! WHEN THE MAYOR WAS MURDERED, THEY LYNCHED TIM ON CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE! WE'VE GOT TO GO TO THE MAYOR'S HOME AND GET THE WHOLE STORY!

THAT'S HIS HOUSE UP ON THE HILL! I SAW THREE MEN GO IN THERE RIGHT AFTER THE MOB WENT AFTER THE "MONSTER"-ER, I MEAN TIM!



AT THE MAYOR'S HOME--

WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO GORTH? IF THE VILLAGERS FIND OUT YOU KILLED THE MAYOR JUST TO GET HIS OFFICE, YOU'LL BE NEXT!

A LOT YOU'VE GOT TO TALK ABOUT! WE'RE ALL IN IT! AS THE TOWN'S TREASURER YOU FIXED THE BOOKS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE TIM STOLE THE MONEY AND JOE HERE LED THE LYNCHING SCHEME!

WHAT WAS THAT?

CLICK

TIM!

YOU, GORTH! I'VE COME FOR YOU!

TIM ... WAIT ... LISTEN
TIM ... NO ... NO!
YOU CAN'T TIM!
I CAN EXPLAIN!

WIZARD, LOOK!

THE MONSTER!

CRASH

AAHGGG!

NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO MAKE OUR GET-AWAY!

YEH!
HURRY UP!

HERE I COME,
WIZARD!

GOOD WORK, ROY!
I WANTED TO TALK
TO THESE BIRDS!

WE AIN'T GOT
NOTHIN' TO
SAY TO YOU!

UNNOTICED BY THE
OTHERS TIM STRUGGLES
TO HIS FEET ----

OOOF!

OH,
OH!



ZZATT
SLUG!

NOW, GORTH!
YOU'RE GOING TO
PAY FOR THIS!



NO, NO, TIM! I'LL CONFESS!
I DID IT! I KILLED THE
MAYOR! YOU'RE INNOCENT,
TIM! I DIDN'T MEAN TO
DO IT! I NEEDED THE
MONEY! HONEST,
TIM!



I SHALL GET MY REVENGE
AND YOU WILL NOT
STOP ME!

THE WIZARD TRIES TO WARD
OFF TIM'S REVENGEFUL ATTACK!

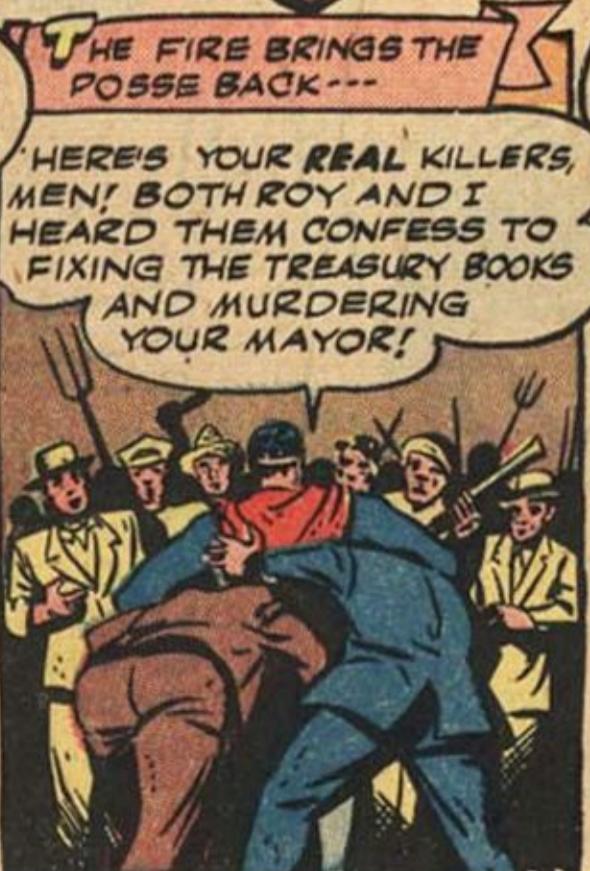
YOU DON'T DIE WHEN
YOU TOUCH ME! YOU
ARE STRONG - BUT
I AM STRONGER!



FEINTING A FORWARD ATTACK THE MONSTER CATCHES THE WIZARD OFF GUARD ---



THE MONSTER STUMBLES BACKWARD UNDER THE IMPACT-AGAINST A STEEL RADIATOR, BURSTING INTO FLAMES ---



IF YOU HAD TAKEN TIME TO HAVE A FAIR TRIAL FOR TIM, YOU WOULD HAVE FOUND THAT OUT FOR YOURSELF! BUT THIS OTHER MAN HERE HAD YOU LYNCH TIM FOR IT! TIM'S GONE FOR GOOD NOW, BUT JUST REMEMBER FROM NOW ON THAT THIS IS AMERICA, WHERE MOB RULE IS OUT, AND JUSTICE PREVAILS!



WORLD WONDERS

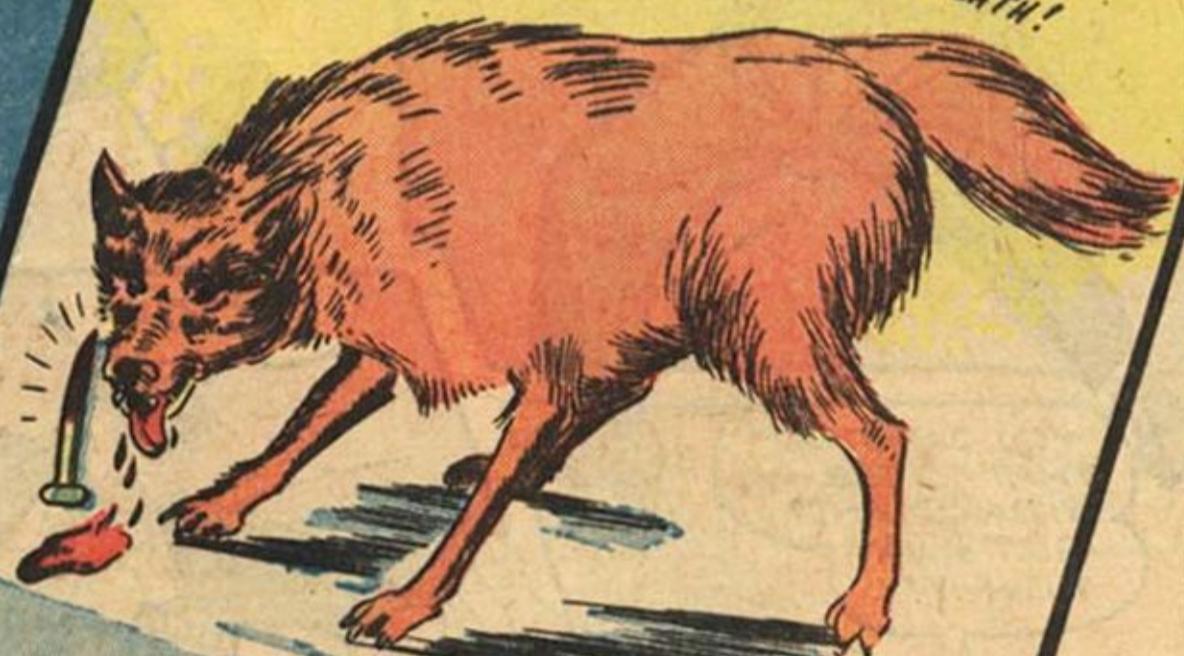


THE OCEAN HITCH HIKER
IS THE HALOBATE,
AN INSECT WHICH IS
OFTEN FOUND MANY
THOUSANDS OF MILES
FROM LAND, RIDING
ON FLOATING WEED.



THE MISKITO INDIANS OF HONDURAS
MAKE USE OF THE STRONG CLAMP
LIKE JAWS OF THE SOLDIER PARASOL
ANT TO CLOSE THEIR WOUNDS.....

A WOLF SUICIDE
AN ESKIMO CAN CAUSE A WOLF TO
COMMIT SUICIDE... A WHALEBONE KNIFE
IS PLACED BLADE UP IN THE SNOW. THE
WOLF IS ATTRACTED TO THE BLOOD-COVERED
BLADE AND CUTS HIS TONGUE. THE TASTE
OF BLOOD EXCITES HIS APPETITE AND
HE CUTS HIMSELF MORE AND MORE
UNTIL HE FINALLY BLEEDS TO DEATH!



NEARLY ALL THE
INHABITANTS OF
GREENLAND ARE
DESCENDANTS OF
EUROPEANS!

ROY!

THE
SUPER
BOY

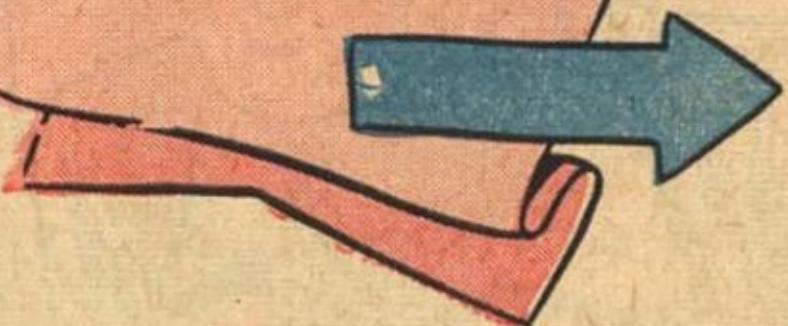
SAY, ROY!
HAVE YOU HEARD
THE STORY ABOUT
THE TALKING
DOG?

HEARD IT?
WHY, I WAS
THERE!



AND HOW ABOUT
YOU, DEAR READER?
HAVE YOU HEARD IT?
IF NOT, READ ON
AND DISCOVER WHAT
HAPPENED IN ROY'S
MOST UNUSUAL AD-
VENTURE!

E. Robbins



WE
FIND ROY
ENJOYING
A WALK
IN THE
PARK!

AH! WHAT A
DAY! SMELL
THAT AIR!

WELL, WELL!
LOOK AT THE
PUP!

WHAT ARE YOU
AFTER OL' BOY?
YOU GOT A
SQUIRREL UNDER
THERE?

NO-O! I'M
LOOKIN' FOR
MY MASTER!

OH!

HEH! THAT'S FUNNY!
I'VE HEARD OF LOST
DOGS BUT NEVER
OF A LOST MASTER
BEFORE!

BUT THAT'S WHAT
HE SA---! HEY!
HE TALKED!

ER-- I HATE TO
BOther YOU AGAIN,
MR. PUP! BUT WOULD
YOU MIND REPEATING
WHAT YOU JUST
SAID?

CERTAINLY
NOT!



I SAID, I'M LOOKING FOR MY MASTER!

ARRRGH! HE SAID IT AGAIN! IT'S A TRICK! IT'S A TRICK!

IT'S SOMEBODY HIDIN' BEHIND THE BUSH HERE!



TALKIN' DOGS, INDADE!
SURE, AN' THE NEXT
THING IT'LL BE
FLYIN' ELY'FANTS!

OH ME! OH MY!
I'M AFRAID I'M
GOING CRAZY!

DON'T TAKE IT
SO HARD, PAL!

Y!! THERE
HE GOES
AGAIN!

HEY! WAIT A
MINUTE! YOU'RE
NOT CRAZY!

OH NO?
WELL,
ONE OF
US IS!

LOOK! THE REASON
I WOULDN'T TALK
WHEN THE COP WAS
AROUND IS THAT I
DON'T WANT ANY
PUBLICITY! I HATE
CROWDS!

BUT YOU
REALLY
ARE
TALKING?

CERTAINLY!

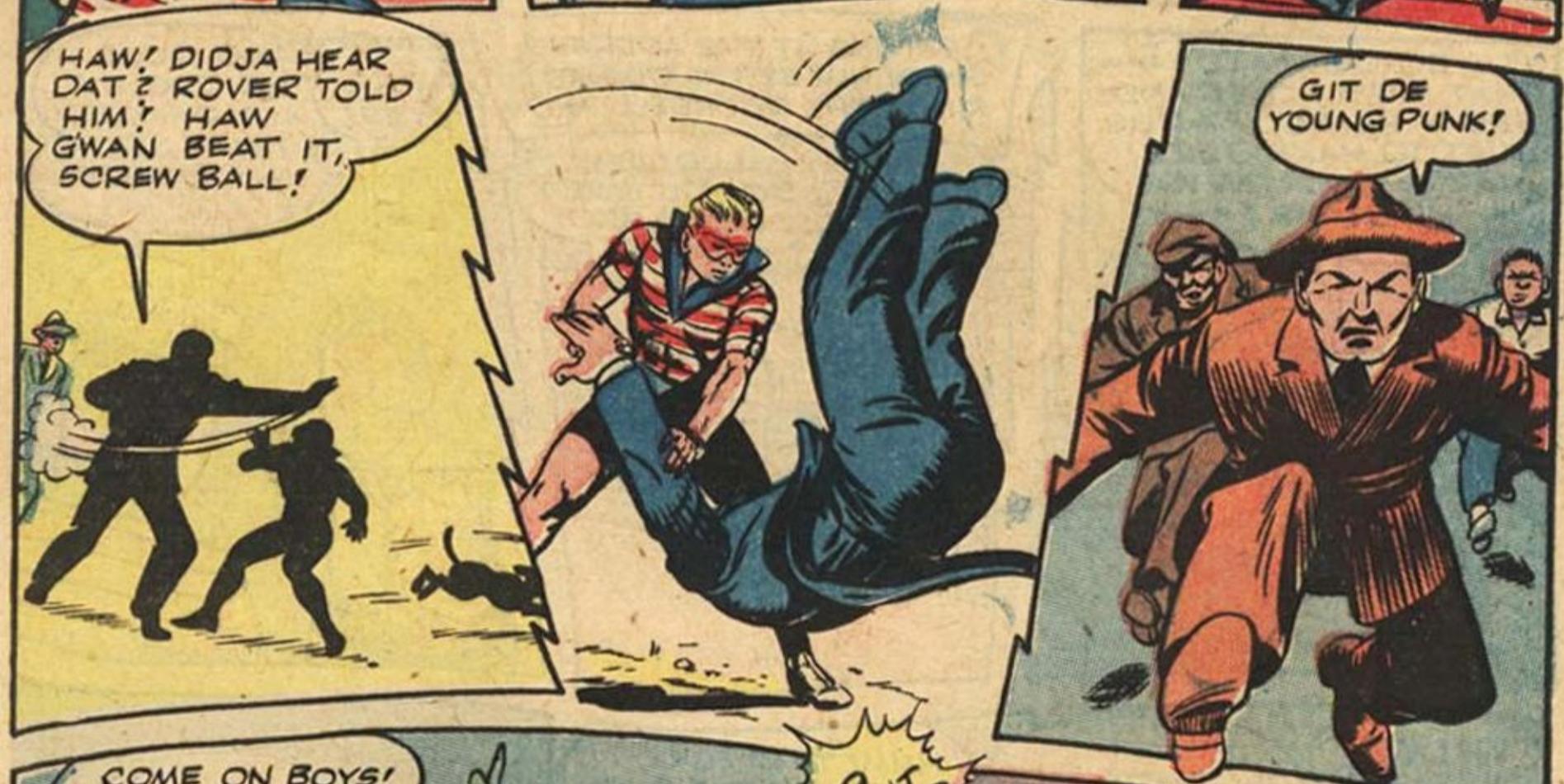
WHEW! WELL I
DON'T GET IT, BUT
IT SURE IS A RELIEF!
MY NAME IS ROY!

HIYA, ROY!
I'M ROVER!

I'M LOOKING FOR
YOUNG HARRY SHORTEN!
HE'S MY MASTER! I'M
AFRAID HE MIGHT HAVE
RUN OFF WITH SOME
BUMS WHO WERE
HANGING AROUND
THE HOUSE THIS
MORNING!

HMMM!
I'LL
GIVE YOU
A HAND,
ROVER!



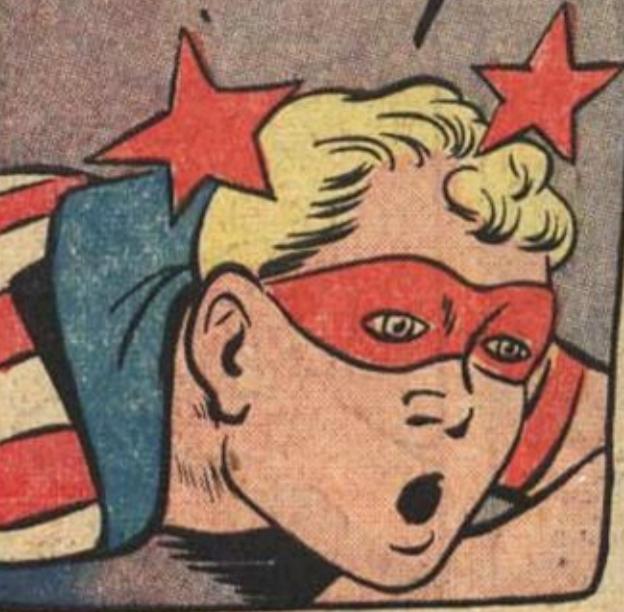


LATER

OOOOOOO!
MY HEAD
WHERE AM I?

THAT DOG! THE
TRAMPS! THEY'RE
GONE!

GEE WHIZ! IT COULDN'T
HAVE HAPPENED! MUST
HAVE DREAMT IT!



I'LL GO DOWN TO
THAT KID'S HOUSE AND
SEE IF HE'S GOT A DOG
JUST TO MAKE SURE!
HARRY SHORTEN WAS
HIS NAME!



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